

Ideal Music Course

ADVANCED BOOK

R. L. MYERS & CO.

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THE

IDEAL MUSIC COURSE

A COMPLETE ELEMENTARY COURSE IN VOCAL MUSIC

CONTAINING ALSO A CHOICE COLLECTION OF SONGS

PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BY

J. A. SPRENKEL

LECTURER AND CONDUCTOR OF BIBLE TEACHERS' INSTITUTES
AND COUNTY TEACHERS' INSTITUTES

ADVANCED BOOK

FOR GRAMMAR SCHOOLS, HIGH SCHOOLS, AND INSTITUTES

HARRISBURG, PA.

R. L. MYERS & COMPANY

1895

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PRESS OF
MT. HOLLY STATIONERY AND PRINTING CO.
MT. HOLLY SPRINGS, PA.

PREFACE.

The Ideal Music Course has been prepared with special reference to the wants of the Public Schools. The day is still in the distant future when the theory of vocal music, in most of our public schools, will be taught by specialists. If this very desirable art is to be introduced generally, it must be through the regular teachers. Even where supervisors of music are employed, the regular teacher must do much of the actual teaching and training. In preparing the Ideal Music Course, these existing conditions have been kept steadily in view.

The special teacher can teach without a book. He can go to the black-board and improvise all the illustrations required. Not so the general teacher. He must have full and specific directions. If prepared lessons are needed in any branch, it is in vocal music when it must be taught by the regular teacher.

The author has made no effort to present so-called modern devices. As a science, music is as exact as mathematics; and no matter what the device is, the substance to be taught remains unchanged. The staff, in which all music is written, is after all the simplest device on which to illustrate the elementary lessons in vocal music.

The Review Questions and Answers, may on first thought, appear unscientific. If they were found in the text-books on some subjects, such criticism would be well founded; for they would displace the teacher's own questions. As stated before, the theory of music is not commonly understood by teachers; these review questions and answers, it is claimed, will serve to direct the teacher. To the pupils they will be of the greatest value in fixing clearly and concisely in their minds, the theory of vocal music.

Measure, time, intervals, pronunciation, enunciation and correct breathing receive due attention in the Primary Book of the course; in this book will be found exercises in all the keys with upward of one-hundred and sixty songs for sight-singing and recreation. Knowing that children appreciate good music and believing that they are entitled to the best, we have carefully avoided mere jingle and selected only songs and tunes of sterling merit.

J. A. SPRENKEL.

PUBLISHERS' NOTES.

In response to the demand for a two-book course in music that shall contain a complete and carefully graded rudimental department as well as a numerous collection of standard favorite songs, the publishers submit the Ideal Music Course.

The distinguishing features of this course are the following:

1. Economy of time and money. The two books of the Ideal Music Course cost less than one dollar, while the usual cost of other series has been more than two dollars. The effort has been to arrange the work so that it can be completed in a term without encroaching upon the time that belongs to other studies.

2. A logical division of the subject. The Primary Book is intended to cover the work of the first six years of school life. The Advanced Book is adapted for more advanced grades, and the music is especially suitable for Institutes and other educational gatherings.

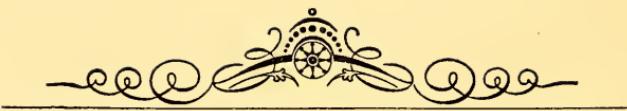
3. The instruction and suggestions are clear, simple and concise. The Author's experience as a teacher and observer of teachers has enabled him to present the rudiments of vocal music in a manner that is easily presented by the average teacher and readily comprehended by the pupils.

4. Only the best music is given. It will be found that the Author has not been partial to his own music. There are no pages in either book intended only to fill up. The Author has been before the public for ten years as a leader of conventions and popular assemblages, and the Songs are those found by him to be the most generally pleasing and familiar. The cost of copyright has never been allowed to stand in the way of really desirable songs. This necessitated a large original outlay, as much as thirty dollars having been paid for the use of a single song.

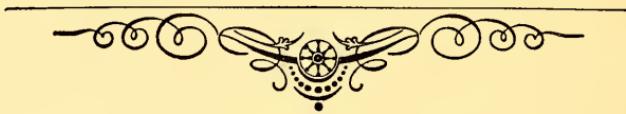
5. Only songs that are healthful in sentiment and helpful in their suggestions have been given. There is no sickly sentimentality in the Ideal Music Course. There is pathos, but it is real. There is humor, but it is the result of happy life. The element of citizenship has not been overlooked, and numerous *patriotic* and *home* songs have been given. The Author has even ventured to insert a few old plantation melodies and Indian chants.

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The study of an art, the very nature of which is designed to improve our moral culture, demands many sacrifices. The fact that a child has to practice self-denial, say to the extent of giving up a small amount of play-time, is already a voucher for future moral growth.—BORST.



RUDIMENTAL DEPARTMENT.

LESSON I.

PROPERTIES OF A TONE.

A sound is something that is heard.

A musical sound is called a tone.

Three things are needed to constitute a tone, viz:—**Pitch, Length** and **Power**. These are the properties of a tone and all are essential to its existence.

Every sound has length and power in the same sense that a tone has them, but in addition to length and power, a tone has a certain degree of highness or lowness which we call Pitch.

This is its exclusive property.

These three properties give us three departments in the Science of Music.

DEPARTMENTS.

Melodics, treating of **Pitch**, with its distinctions of **High** and **Low**.

Rhythemics, treating of **Length**, with its distinctions of **Long** and **Short**.

Dynamics, treating of **Power**, with its distinctions of **Loud** and **Soft**.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

What is a sound?

A sound is something that is heard.

What is a musical sound called?

A tone.

What do all sounds have?

Length and power.

What does a musical sound, or a tone, have that no other sound has?

Pitch.

What is pitch in music?

Pitch in music is a certain degree of highness or lowness of a tone.

What three things then are necessary to constitute a tone?

Pitch, length and power.

What are the pitch, length and power of a tone?

They are the properties of a tone.

What do these three properties of a tone give us?

Three departments in the Science of Music.

Name these three departments.

Melodics, treating of Pitch; Rhythemics, treating of Length; and Dynamics, treating of Power.

LESSON II.

MEASURE.

It is evident that a piece of music requires a certain length of time for its performance.

When we hear a tune, there arise in our minds certain pulsations or beats, these pulsations form themselves into groups of two or more.

In this first melody the pulsations form themselves into groups of two.

First Melody.



In this second melody the pulsations form themselves into groups of three.

Second Melody.



These groups of pulsations are called **Measures**, and are separated from each other by perpendicular lines called **Bars**.

We will illustrate by drawing a line:

This line will represent the period of time consumed in the performance of a piece of music, and since music divides itself into equal portions called measures, in order to carry out the illustration, we will divide this line into equal portions by using these short vertical lines or bars.



This gives us two spaces which are called measures, and since measures are formed by the groups of beats which arise in music, it will be necessary to divide the measures into equal parts.

A tune is in double measure when its beats group themselves into twos. See First Melody.

We will divide these measures into parts; thus:



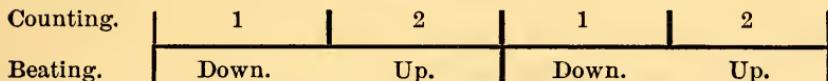
This will represent double measure, usually called double time.

We now see that in double time there are two beats to the measure.

These are performed in this way:

Down, Up, Down, Up, or 1-2, 1-2.

The first is beating time, the second, counting time.

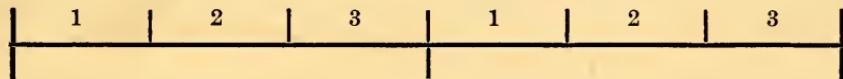


Accent the first or down beat.

We will draw another line and divide it into measures.

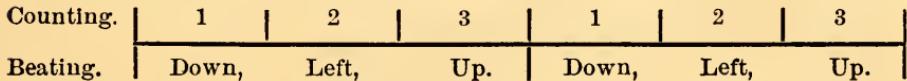


We learned that the pulsations, or beats, of some tunes formed themselves into groups of three. This is triple measure. See Second Melody.



This will represent triple measure, usually called triple time, and will show us that in triple time there are three beats to the measure.

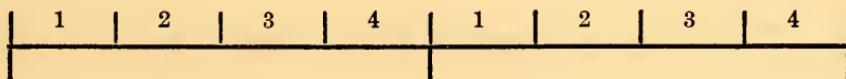
These beats are performed in this way: Down, Left, Up, or 1-2-3.



Accent the first or down beat.

Two other kinds of time are in common use—quadruple and sextuple.

Quadruple time is compounded of double time and may be represented thus:

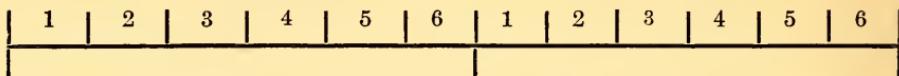


We here see that in quadruple time there are four beats to the measure. These beats are performed as follows:

Down, Left, Right, Up, or 1-2-3-4.

In quadruple time we place a primary accent on the first, or down beat, and a secondary accent on the right, or third beat.

Sextuple time is compounded of triple time and is represented thus:



In sextuple time we have six beats to the measure.

They are performed in this way:

Down, Down, Left, Right, Up, Up, or 1-2-3-4-5-6.

In sextuple time the primary accent is placed upon the first, or down beat, and the secondary accent on the right, or fourth beat.

Beating time in this way gives us the same motions for accented beats, and the same motions for unaccented beats.

QUESTIONS.

What do we call the groups of pulsations which arise in our minds when we hear a piece of music? Measures.

How are these measures separated from each other?

By perpendicular lines called bars.

What can you say of these pulsations or beats?

They group themselves sometimes in twos, and sometimes in threes.

When the beats group themselves in twos, what do we call it?

Double measure or double time.

How many beats then to the measure in double time?

In double time there are two beats to the measure.

When the beats group themselves in threes, what do we call it?

Triple measure or triple time.

How many beats then to the measure in triple time?

In triple time there are three beats to the measure.

What other kinds of time are in common use?

Quadruple and sextuple time.

What is quadruple time?

Quadruple time is compounded of double time and has four beats to the measure.

What is sextuple time?

Sextuple time is compounded of triple time and has six beats to the measure.

How is double time performed?

Double time is performed with a downward beat and an upward beat. The first, or downward beat, is accented.

How is triple time performed?

With a down, left and up beat. The accent is on the first or down beat.

How is quadruple time performed?

With a down, left, right and up beat. A primary accent is on the first or down beat and a secondary accent on the third or right beat.

How is sextuple time performed?

With a down, down, left, right, up, up, beat. A primary accent on the first or down beat and a secondary accent on the fourth or right beat.

LESSON III.

MELODICS.

Melodics is that department of music which treats of the pitch of tones.

Teacher sings the syllable *la* three times. Pupils sing.

Teacher.—Were the tones alike or different?

Pupils.—Alike.

Teacher sings a short line to the same pitch, making the tones exactly alike.

Teacher.—“Come—O—come—and—sing—with—me.”

Pupils.—“Come—O—come—and—sing—with—me.”

T.—“While—our—hearts—are—light—and—free.”

P.—“While—our—hearts—are—light—and—free.”

T.—In singing these examples were the tones alike or different?

P.—They were alike.

Let the teacher sing the same line to the same pitch as before.

Teacher.—“Come—O—come—and—sing—with—me.”

Pupils.—“Come—O—come—and—sing—with—me.”

The teacher sings the second line one tone higher.

T.—“While—our—hearts—are—light—and—free.”

P.—“While—our—hearts—are—light—and—free.”

T.—Were the tones in these two examples alike or different?

P.—Different.

T.—How did they differ?

P.—The tones in the last example were higher than those in the first.

T.—How then do tones differ?

P.—Tones differ in highness or lowness.

T.—And what do we call this highness or lowness of tones?

P.—Pitch.

T.—In what do tones differ?

P.—In pitch.

Give other examples.

LESSON IV.

THE STAFF.

We learned that a tone has three properties,—pitch, length and power. Each property has not only *a name*, but *a representation*.

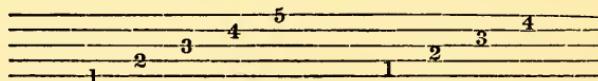
The pitch of tones is represented upon what is called the Staff.

The Staff usually consists of five horizontal lines and the spaces between them. It is the only character in our musical system that represents pitch to the eye.

Each line and space is called a degree.

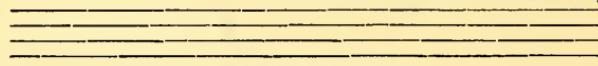
The lines and spaces are numbered from the lowest upward.

THE STAFF ILLUSTRATED.



The Staff may be enlarged by adding short lines above or below. These short lines are called added lines.

Second line above. — Second space above.
First line above. — First space above.



First added line below — First space below
Second added line below — Second space below

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

Name the properties of a tone.

The properties of a tone are pitch, length and power.

What should each property of a tone have?

A name and a representation.

How is the pitch of tones represented to the eye?

On a character called a staff.

Of what is the staff usually composed?

Of five horizontal lines and the intervening spaces.

What is each line and space of the staff called?

A degree.

How are these lines and spaces numbered?

From below upward.

When more degrees are needed, what can be done?

The staff may be enlarged.

How may the staff be enlarged?

By adding short lines above or below.

Are these short added lines, with their intervening spaces, a part of the staff?

They are—as much as any other lines and spaces.

LESSON V.

RHYTHMICS.

Rhythmics is that department of music which treats of the length of tones.

The teacher sings the syllable *la* twice, making the last tone twice as long as the first. Pupils sing the same.

In the same way sing the word "come," or any other word you may choose.

Teacher.—"Come, co - - - me."

Pupils.—"Come, co - - - me."

T.—Were the tones alike or different?

P.—Different.

T.—Were they different in pitch?

P.—They were not.

T.—In what way were they different?

P.—The last tone was longer than the first.

T.—Then tones differ in what other way?

P.—Tones differ in length.

Give other examples to illustrate the difference in the length of tones.

LESSON VI.

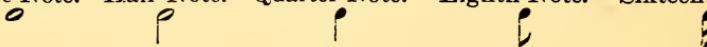
NOTES AND REST.

The relative length of tones is represented by characters called **notes**.

There are five kinds of notes in common use which are readily distinguished from each other by their shapes.

The following are their names and shapes:—

Whole Note. Half Note. Quarter Note. Eighth Note. Sixteenth Note.



It will not be difficult to understand that in a given piece of music a whole note represents a tone twice as long as a half note; and a half note, twice as long as a quarter note, and so on; hence, a whole note equals two half notes, or four quarter notes, or eight eighth notes, or sixteen sixteenth notes. This may be illustrated as follows:—



RESTS.

In some tunes it is intended that the time of certain notes shall be passed in silence. This period of silence is indicated by characters called **Rests**.

Each note has its corresponding rest, thus:—

Whole-Note Rest.	Half-Note Rest.	Quarter-Note Rest.	Eighth-Note Rest.	Sixteenth-Note Rest.
—	—	×	?	?

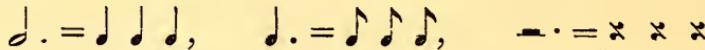
Notes and rests as they appear on the staff.



It will be observed that the whole-note rest and the half-note rest are alike in shape, and that the whole-note rest is under the line while the half note rest is on the line.

The whole-note rest is also a whole-measure rest and is used to indicate silence during a whole measure, whatever its value may be in notes.

A dot after a note or a rest increases the length of either one half, thus:—



QUESTIONS.

How is the relative length of tones represented?

The relative length of tones is represented by characters called notes.

How many kinds of notes are there in common use?

Five.

How are they distinguished from each other?

By their shapes.

Describe a whole note?

A whole note is a round open note.

Describe a half note?

A half note is an open note with a stem.

Describe a quarter note?

A quarter note is a closed note with a stem.

Describe an eighth note?

An eighth note is a closed note with a stem and one hook.

Describe a sixteenth note?

A sixteenth note is a closed note with a stem and two hooks.

What is the relative value of notes in a given piece of music?

A whole note equals two halves, a half note equals two quarters, and so on.

What is the name of the character used to indicate silence?

A rest.

How many kinds of rests are there?

There are just as many kinds of rests as there are notes, each note having its corresponding rest.

What effect is produced by placing a dot after a note or rest?

It adds one half to its value.

What is a dotted whole note equal to?

It is equal to three half notes.

What is a dotted quarter rest equal to?

It is equal to three eighth rests.

Give other illustrations of dotted notes and rests?

BEAT NOTE.

In every piece of music there is one note which is called the beat note.

This beat note represents one pulsation, or beat, in a measure; hence, when music is in double time, two beat notes or their equivalent fill a measure; when in triple time, three beat notes or their equivalent fill a measure; when in quadruple time, four beat notes or their equivalent fill a measure; when in sextuple time, six beat notes or their equivalent fill a measure.

The quarter note is commonly taken for the beat note, and there is no good reason why any other should ever be taken, but varieties of beat notes are used and this makes varieties of measure.

Figures in the form of a fraction are often placed at the beginning of a piece of music. The upper figure indicates how many beats in a measure,—or the kind of time,—and the lower figure indicates what kind of a note is a beat long—or the beat note.

PRACTICAL EXERCISES.

SHOWING THE DIFFERENT KINDS OF MEASURE, NOTES AND RESTS.

No. 1. Double Time.

Close.

2
4

Down, Up, Down, Up, Down, Up, Down, Up, Down, Up, Down, Up.

In the above exercise the figure 2 shows the kind of time or number of beats to a measure; and the figure 4 shows that a quarter note receives one beat.

No. 2.

2
4

No. 3.

2
4

No. 4. Triple Time.

3
4

Down, Left, Up, Down, Left, Up, Down, Left, Up, Down, Left, Up, Down, Left, Up.

No. 5.

3
4

No. 6. Quadruple Time.

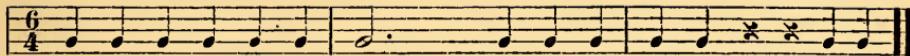
4
4

Down, Left, Right, Up, Down, Left, Right, Up, Down, Left, Right, Up, Down, Left, Right, Up.

No. 7.

4
4

No. 8. Sextuple Time.



Down, Down, Left, Right, Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right, Up, Up, Down, Down, Left, Right, Up, Up.

No. 9.



LESSON VII.

DYNAMICS.

Dynamics is that department of music which treats of the power of tones.

The teacher now sings the syllable la twice—alike in pitch and length, making the first tone soft and the second one loud.

Pupils sing the same. In the same pitch sing two short lines, the first one soft, the second loud.

Teacher.—“Soft-ly-sing.” “Loud-ly-sing.”

Pupils.—“Soft-ly-sing.” “Loud-ly-sing.”

T.—How many lines did we sing?

P.—Two.

T.—Did we sing them alike?

P.—We did not.

T.—Did they differ in pitch?

P.—No.

T.—Did they differ in length?

P.—No.

T.—How did they differ?

P.—The last one was louder than the first.

Statement.—Tones that differ in this way, one being louder or softer than the other, are said to differ in Power.

Teacher.—What do we call that department of music which treats of the power of tones?

Pupils.—Dynamics.

T.—We have now discovered that tones differ in three ways. You may name them.

P.—Tones differ in pitch, length, and power.

T.—And what are the pitch, length and power of a tone?

P.—They are its properties.

T.—Which one of these three is its exclusive property?

P.—Pitch.

The words of a piece of music generally tell us what power to use in singing, but we have certain Italian names for the different powers which are often used for direction.

For medium power we use the word *mezzo*, (pronounced mēd'zo). Its abbreviation is *m.*

For loud power we use the word *forte*, (pronounced fōr'tā). Its abbreviation is *f.*

For very loud power we use the word *fortissimo*, (pronounced for-tis'mo). Its abbreviation is *ff.*

For soft power we use the word *piano*, (pronounced pi-ä'-no). Its abbreviation is *p.*

For very soft power we use the word *pianissimo*, (pronounced pi-a-nis'mo). Its abbreviation is *pp.*

Orescendo, (cres. or ), gradually increasing.

Diminuendo, (dim. or , gradually diminishing.

Swell, (sw. or , increasing and diminishing.

Staccato, (• • or ! !), short and distinct.

Legato, (, connected and smooth.

OTHER MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

Brace.

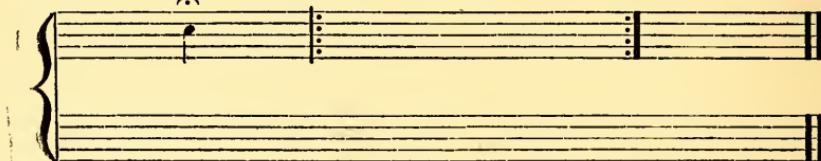
Hold.

Bar.

Repeat.

Double Bar.

Close.



EXPLANATION.

The **Brace** shows the number of parts to be sung together.

The **Hold** denotes a prolongation of a tone or rest.

The **Bar** divides the staff into measures.

The **Dots**, or **Repeat**, show what part of a piece is to be performed twice.

The Double Bar shows the end of a strain of music, or a line of poetry.

The Close denotes the end of a piece of music.

D. C. is an abbreviation for the Italian words *Da Capo*, which means—Go back to the beginning.

LESSON VIII.

THE SCALE.

The Scale is learned by imitation, from the human voice, or from some other musical instrument.

It is apprehended through the ear, and should first be presented to the sense of hearing alone.

There are seven Primary Tones in nature and these arranged in a certain order constitute the scale.

The tones of the scale are named from the first eight numerals, the lowest being called one; the next above it two; and so on.

It will be observed that there are eight tones in the scale; eight, however, is the same as one an octave higher.

The difference in pitch between any two tones of the scale is called an interval.

These intervals are of two kinds, larger and smaller; the larger are called steps, the smaller are called half steps.

The smaller intervals, or half steps, occur between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8; the other five intervals are steps.

These steps, and half steps, may be represented, thus:—

Eight,		Half Step.
Seven,		Step.
Six,		Step.
Five,		Step.
Four,		Step.
Three,		Half Step.
Two,		Step.
One,		Step.

Statement.—The terms tone, and half tone, are often used to designate these intervals, but as the application of the same word, both to sounds and intervals is inconvenient they should not be used in teaching. The word "ladder" (Scale, the Latin for ladder) is used to designate the series of tones called the scale, hence it is quite natural to carry out the figure and borrow from the ladder the word step, by which to designate these intervals.

The difference of pitch between any two tones, is called an interval; as, from 1 to 2, from 3 to 5, &c. From 1 to 2, is an interval of a second, from 1 to 3, and interval of a third, from 1 to 4, an interval of a fourth, and so on; from 1 to 8, is an octave.

This is the Diatonic Scale and differs from all others in this; its half steps are between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8.

This scale is the foundation of the entire musical structure, and when we have learned all that can be learned concerning it, we have learned all that can be learned about music.

When one becomes so familiar with the scale that he can sing the tones in any order in which they can be placed, he will be able to sing tunes readily the first time he see them.

There is but one way by which this ability can be acquired and that is by practice.

SYLLABLES.

Certain syllables are applied to the tones of the scale which are valuable aids to the learner in acquiring a knowledge of the relative pitch of the tones.

These syllables are Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

They are Italian syllables and are pronounced, Doe, Ray, Mee, Fah, Sole, Lah, See, Doe.

When speaking of the tones, we make use of their numeral names, and when singing them we use the Italian names.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

How is the scale learned?

By imitation from the human voice, or some other musical instrument.

Through which sense is it apprehended?

Hearing.

How many tones are in the scale?

Eight.

How are these eight tones named?

From the first eight numerals.

What do we call the difference in pitch between any two tones of the scale?

An interval.

Are these intervals all alike?

They are not; some are larger, and some smaller.

What are the larger intervals called?

Steps.

What are the smaller intervals called?

Half steps.

Where do the half steps occur?

The half steps are between the 3 and 4, and 7 and 8. All the others are steps.

What is the name of this scale?

The Diatonic Scale.

What can you say of this scale?

It is the foundation of the entire musical structure.

What syllables are sometimes applied to the tones of the scale?

Italian syllables.

Name them?

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

Why are these Italian syllables used?

They are an aid in acquiring a knowledge of the relative pitch of tones.

What names do we apply to tones when speaking of them?

Their numeral names 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8.

What names do we apply to tones when singing them?

When singing the tones we use the Italian names Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

LESSON IX.

BUILDING THE SCALE.

Let the teacher produce the tone C, to the syllable la.

Pupils imitate him.

He then produces the tone D, and the pupils imitate him.

Teacher.—Was that the tone we sang first, or a new one?

Pupils.—“A new one.”

T.—Sing the new tone again. They sing.

T.—Now sing the first one. They sing.

Statement.—We are now learning the scale, and we found in Lesson VIII that the tones of the scale are named from the first eight numerals,—the lowest being called one, and the next above it two; and so on.

T.—What then shall we call the first tone?

P.—“One.”

T.—What shall we call the second tone?

P.—“Two.”

T.—You may sing one. Pupils sing C.

T.—You may sing two. They comply by singing D.

The teacher sings E to the syllable la, and asks; Was that one, or two, or a new tone?

P.—A new tone.

T.—All sing the new tone. They sing E.

T.—How many tones have we learned?

P.—Three.

T.—What do we call the first tone?

P.—One.

T.—What do we call the second tone?

P.—Two.

T.—Observing the same order what shall we call the new tone?

P.—Three.

In a similar manner introduce F, G, A, B, and C, after which inform the pupils that these are the eight tones which form the Diatonic Scale.

The scale should now be practiced ascending and descending.

The exercises may be varied by singing each tone twice or three times, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, are called “scale-names.”

We learned in Lesson VIII, that certain Italian syllables are applied to the tones of the scale.

You may name them.

P.—Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do.

T.—One is called Do, two Re, three Mi, four Sol, &c. Be careful to pronounce these syllables correctly; one of the principal reasons for applying different names to tones is that we may practice the several vowel sounds.

Remember that the vowel sounds are the only ones sung, the consonants being merely articulated.

Require pupils to practice the scale in a variety of ways using:

Syllables.—La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Scale-names.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

Italian Syllables.—Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

PITCH NAMES.

In addition to the Italian syllables and scale-names which have been applied to the tones of the scale, we have other names—the real or pitch names; they are the first seven letters of the alphabet, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

The pitch name of 1, is C, of 2, is D, of 3, is E, of 4, is F, of 5, is G, of 6, is A, of 7, is B, and of 8, is C.

This is sometimes called the natural scale but the name is inappropriate since the pitch C is no more natural than any other.

Some writers call it the Normal Scale, some the Typic Scale and others the Model Scale.

Since nearly all of the theory of musical notation is taught while studying this scale we should not leave it until it is thoroughly understood. Nothing is gained by frequently changing the location of the scale, it only confuses the pupil and consequently retards his progress.

LESSON X.

CLEFS.

We learned in Lesson IX, that the first seven letters of the alphabet are used as the real or pitch names for the tones of the scale. These letters represent positive or absolute pitch, each letter always having the same tone. The degrees of the staff are named from these letters, and since there are more degrees than letters, the letters have to be repeated.

When we get to G we commence again with A. The arrangement of the letters on the staff are determined by characters called **Clefs**, of which there are three in ordinary use.

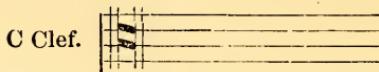
One is called the Treble or G Clef and is made thus:—



The G Clef is placed on the second line of the staff and determines that line to be G; it fixes the tone G there from which the other letters are reckoned in alphabetical order upward, and downward by the inversion of that order thus:—



Another is called the Tenor or C Clef, and is made thus :—



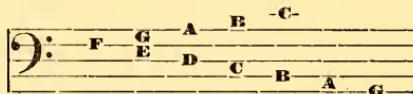
This Clef also determines G to be on the second line of the staff and both letters and syllables are read the same as when the Treble Clef is used.

This Clef is introduced for the purpose of simplifying the reading of music for the higher male voices.

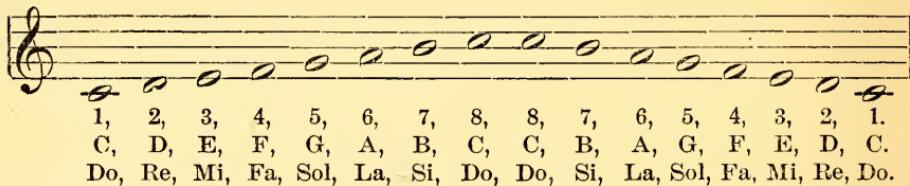
The other is called the Bass or F Clef, and is made thus :—



The F Clef places F upon the fourth line. In the F Clef the letters are applied to the staff as follows :—



The scale with Numerals, Letters and Syllables applied to the staff with the G Clef.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
 C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C.
 Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

The scale with Numerals, Letters and Syllables applied to the staff with the Bass or F Clef.



1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.
 C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C.
 Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, Do, Do, Si, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do.

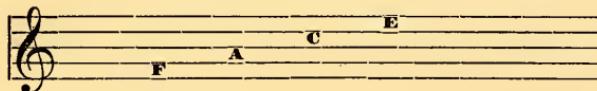


The pitch names of the degrees of the staff should be thoroughly memorized.

FOR THE LINES OF THE G STAFF.



FOR THE SPACES OF THE G STAFF.

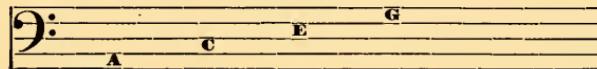


The lines and spaces of the C Clef are the same as those of the G Clef.

FOR THE LINES OF THE F STAFF.



FOR THE SPACES OF THE F STAFF.



REVIEW QUESTIONS.

How is the arrangement of the letters on the staff determined?

By characters called Clefs.

How many Clefs are in ordinary use?

Three.

Name them.

The Treble or G Clef, the Tenor or C Clef, and the Bass or F Clef.

Where is the G Clef placed?

The G Clef is placed on the second line of the staff.

What does it determine?

It determines that line to be G.

How are the other letters reckoned?

In alphabetical order from G upward, and by an inverse order from G downward.

Illustrate on the black-board.

Where is the Tenor C Clef placed?

The Tenor or C Clef is placed on the third space of the staff.

What can you say of the C Clef?

It does not change the position of the letters on the staff from that of the G Clef.

For what purpose is it introduced?

To simplify the reading of music for the higher male voices.

Where do we find the Bass or F Clef?

The F Clef is on the fourth line of the staff and fixes the tone F there.

What letters occur on the lines of the G staff?

E, G, B, D and F.

What letters occur on the spaces of the G staff?

F, A, C and E.

What letters occur on the lines of the F staff?

G, B, D, F and A.

What letters occur on the spaces of the F staff?

A, C, E and G.

EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF C.

Sing syllables, then *la*, *ō*, *ā*, *aye*. Observe the accent.

Do, do, re, re, mi, mi, fa, fa, sol, sol, la, la, si, si, do.

Do, do, si, si, la, la, sol, sol, fa, fa, mi, mi, re, re, do.

Do, do,

Mer-ri- ly, cheer-i- ly, glee-ful- ly sing, Joy-ful- ly, lov-ing- ly, let your tones ring
The Lilies.

O the dar- ling lil - ies! O the lil - ies fair! Is there an - y

blos - som, Can with them com - pare? 'Mid their green leaves hid - ing,

With the breeze at play, Pure and white and love - ly, Who so sweet as they?

Come, Follow Me,

Come, follow me, Come, follow me, Follow me, follow, follow me.

We follow thee, Yes, we will follow thee, We will follow thee.



Mount Vernon.

L. MASON.

Slow and soft.

1. Sis - ter thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,
 2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, Peace - ful in the grave so low,
 3. Dear - est sis - ter thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel,
 4. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;



LESSON XI.

TRANSPOSITION.

Transposition is removing the scale from one position upon the staff to another, either higher or lower. But while the scale may be thus removed so that 1 or Do is placed on any degree of the staff, the letters or pitch names always occupy fixed and unchangeable positions; *viz.*, in the G clef, the letter G is always on the second line of the staff, and in the F clef, the letter F is always on the fourth line.

In order to determine the place of the scale on the staff, certain characters are used called sharps and flats.

A sharp \sharp indicates elevation, a flat \flat indicates depression. When a sharp is placed before a note it indicates a tone a half step higher than the letter upon which the note is placed would otherwise represent; when a flat is placed before a note it indicates a tone a half step lower than the letter upon which the note is placed would otherwise represent.

Thus far the pitch C has always been taken as 1; but any other pitch may be taken and the letter which is taken as 1 is called the Key; thus, if C be taken as 1 the scale is in the key of C; if D be taken as 1 the scale is in the key of D, and so on.

When the scale is transposed it must conform in the order of its intervals to the model C, *viz.*, half steps between 3 and 4, and 7 and 8, and the other five intervals whole steps.

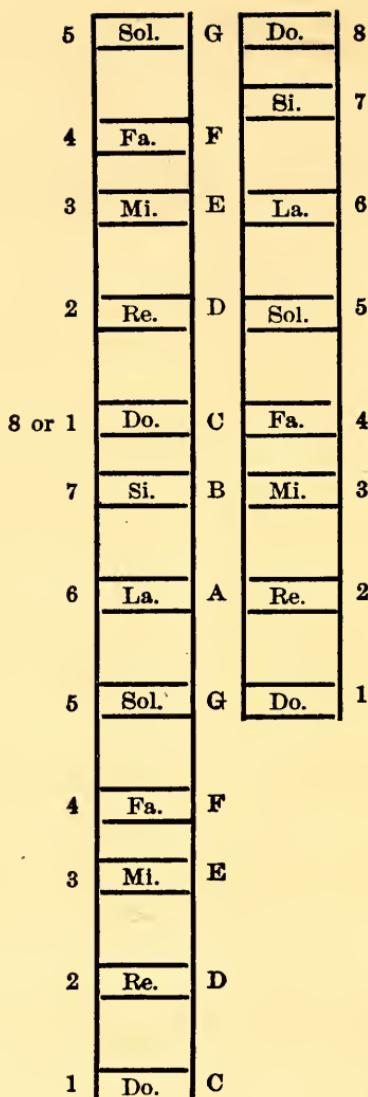
To preserve this identity one or more tones belonging to the key from which the transposition is made must be omitted and others introduced.

FIRST TRANSPOSITION FROM C TO G.

In the first regular transposition of the scale by fifths, G becomes 1 of the new scale. All the tones of the key of C belong also to the key of G, with the exception of F, which will be found a half step too low; we must, therefore, omit F and take F sharp as seven in the new key.

The following diagram will help the pupil to understand the subject more clearly.

It should be remembered, however, that a true idea of the reality can only be acquired through the ear and not from illustrations that appeal to the eye.



You will see by looking at this diagram that the interval from E to F is a half step, while the interval from 6 to 7 is a whole step. So, to preserve the proper order of intervals between 6 and 7, and between 7 and

8, we must omit the tone F and take F sharp as 7 in the new key. This is done by placing a sharp \sharp on that degree of the staff which represents the pitch F; thus:—

THE SCALE OF C TRANSPOSED TO G.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

The sharp used in transposition is written immediately after the clef at the commencement of a piece of music and is called the signature of the key; thus:—

KEY OF G. SIGNATURE ONE (\sharp).

G, A, B, C, D, E, F \sharp , G.
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

EXERCISES IN THE KEY OF G.

Sing syllables, and then *la*. Observe the Accent.

Do, do, re, re, &c.

Mi, re, do,

Windmill and Mill-Wheel.

1. See the wind-mill, how she goes, While the wind so brisk-ly blows,
 2. See the mill-wheel, how she goes, While the wa-ter free-ly flows,

Al-ways turn-ing free-ly round, Nev-er i - dle she is found.
 Al-ways turn-ing round and round, Nev-er i - dle she is found.

God is Present Everywhere.

1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - 'ry place -
 2. In our sick-ness, in our health - In our want or in our wealth -
 3. When our wealthy com-forts fail, When the woes of life pre - vail,

If we live a life of prayer, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry - where.
 If we look to God in prayer, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry - where.
 'Tis the time for earn - est prayer, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry - where.

If we live a life of prayer, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry - where.
 If we look to God in prayer, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry - where.
 'Tis the time for earn - est prayer, God is pres-ent ev - 'ry - where.

SECOND TRANSPOSITION FROM G TO D.

In the second transposition of the scale, D becomes 1 of the new scale. All the tones of the key of G belong also to the key of D with the exception of C which will be found to be a half step too low; we

must, therefore, omit C and substitute C sharp as 7 in the new key. This is done by placing a sharp on that degree of the staff which represents the pitch C; thus:—

KEY OF D. SIGNATURE TWO (##).

D, E, F#, G, A, B, C#, D.
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

THIRD TRANPOSITION FROM D TO A.

In the third transposition of the scale, A becomes 1 of the new scale. All the tones of the key of D belong to the key of A, with the exception of G, which will be found a half step too low; we must, therefore, omit G and take G sharp as 7 in the new key. This is done by placing a sharp on that degree of the staff which represents the pitch G; thus:—

KEY OF A. SIGNATURE THREE (###).

A, B, C#, D, E, F#, G#, A.
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

FOURTH TRANPOSITION FROM A TO E.

In the fourth transposition of the scale E becomes 1 of the new scale. All the tones of the key of A belong to the key of E, with the exception of D, which will be found a half step too low; we must, therefore, omit D and take D sharp as 7 in the new key. This is done

by placing a sharp on that degree of the staff which represents the pitch D; thus:—

KEY OF E. SIGNATURE FOUR (####).

In each of the foregoing transpositions the pitch has been removed a fifth, *viz.*, in the first transposition from C to G, in the second transposition from G to D, in the third transposition from D to A, and in the fourth transposition from A to E.

Note.—The keys beyond E are very seldom used in ordinary vocal music.

Another way of transposing the scale is by fourths.

FIRST TRANSPOSITION FROM C TO F.

In the first regular transposition of the scale by fourths, F becomes 1 of the new scale, and to preserve the proper order of intervals, we must omit the tone B and take the tone B-flat as 4 in the new key.

When the pitch B-flat is to be sung it is indicated by placing a flat \flat on the degree of the staff which represents the pitch B; thus:—

KEY OF F. SIGNATURE ONE (\flat).

SECOND TRANSPOSITION FROM F TO B-FLAT.

In the second transposition of the scale by fourths B-flat becomes 1 of the new scale, and to preserve the proper order of intervals, we must omit the tone E and take the tone E-flat as 4 in the new key. This is done by placing a flat on that degree of the staff which represents the pitch E; thus:—

KEY OF B-FLAT. SIGNATURE TWO (B-flat).

B $\frac{1}{2}$, C, D, E $\frac{1}{2}$, F, G, A, B $\frac{1}{2}$.
 Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

THIRD TRANSPOSITION FROM B-FLAT TO E-FLAT.

In the third transposition of the scale by fourths E-flat becomes One of the new scale, and to preserve the proper order of intervals, we must omit the tone A and take the tone A-flat as 4 in the new key. This is done by placing a flat on the degree of the staff which represents the pitch A; thus:—

KEY OF E-FLAT. SIGNATURE THREE (E-flat).

E $\frac{1}{2}$, F, G, A $\frac{1}{2}$, B $\frac{1}{2}$, C, D, E $\frac{1}{2}$.
 Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8

FOURTH TRANSPOSITION FROM E-FLAT TO A-FLAT.

In the fourth transposition of the scale by fourths A-flat becomes 1 of the new scale, and to preserve the proper order of intervals, we must

omit D and take D-flat as 4 in the new key. This is done by placing a flat on the degree of the staff which represents the pitch D; thus:—

KEY OF A-FLAT. SIGNATURE FOUR (b2b2b2)

A musical staff in A-flat major (signature four flats). The notes are: A-flat, B-flat, C, D-flat, E-flat, F, G, A-flat. Below the staff, the corresponding solfège and numbers are: Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. The numbers are: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8.

CHROMATIC SCALE.

There is another scale consisting of thirteen tones and twelve intervals a half step each; this is called the **Chromatic Scale**. As there are five intervals of a step each in the Major Diatonic Scale, we will have five intermediate tones of a half step each. These intermediate tones are represented on the same degrees of the staff on which the Diatonic tones are represented, by prefixing to the letters or numerals a sharp or a flat; thus:—

*THE CHROMATIC SCALE REPRESENTED.

Two staves of music representing the Chromatic Scale. The top staff shows a sequence of notes: C, C-sharp, D, D-sharp, E, E-sharp, F, F-sharp, G, G-sharp, A, A-sharp, B. The bottom staff shows a sequence of notes: C, B, A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, G, F, E.

MINOR SCALE.

Besides the Major and Chromatic Scales already explained, there is another sometimes employed in music called the **Minor Scale**.

This scale like the major comprises eight tones, arranged according to a different order of intervals from either of the others.

In the minor scale there are whole steps between 1 and 2, 3 and 4, and 4 and 5, and half-steps between 2 and 3, 5 and 6, and 7 and 8; and a step and a half between 6 and 7.

Every Major Scale has its relative Minor, based on its sixth and both have the same signature.

The syllable *la*, is applied to the key-note.

When a Sharp or Flat occurs in a tune it is called an accidental and only affects the degree of the staff in the measure where it occurs.

This character \sharp , is called a **Natural**, and is used to contradict a previous Sharp or Flat.

LESSON XII.

VOCAL TRAINING.

No effort at scientific Voice Culture should be attempted by the public school teacher.

This delicate and difficult work should be undertaken by those only who have obtained such a knowledge of the human voice as is indispensable to a natural and healthy development of its marvelous powers. It is not intended that we shall make artists; they can be formed only by their own intelligence and practice, under the direct guidance of a master, and yet vocal training to a certain extent, in connection with vocal music, properly comes within the scope of the teacher's work.

Pronunciation, enunciation, correct breathing and a proper use of the registers, should receive attention in every school.

Perhaps nothing will so quickly help to a correct use of the voice as "Imitation Practice."

We give a number of such exercises here; others will be found in the Primary Book of the "Ideal Music Course."

EXERCISES FOR IMITATION PRACTICE AND
VOICE TRAINING.

Teacher. Pupils. Teacher. Pupils.



Do, re, mi, Do, re, mi, Sing with me, Sing with me,

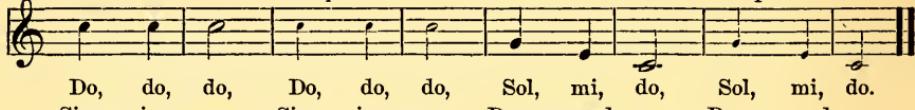
Re, mi, fa, Re, mi, fa, Mi, re, do, Mi, re, do.

Teacher. Pupils. Teacher. Pupils.



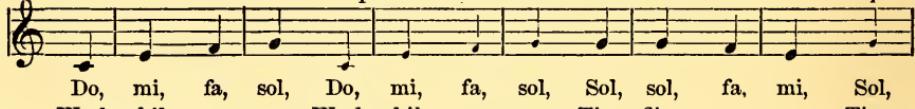
Do, mi, sol, Do, mi, sol, Mi, sol, do, Mi, sol, do,
Now we sing, Now we sing, High - er go, High - er go,

Teacher. Pupils. Teacher. Pupils.



Do, do, do, Do, do, do, Sol, mi, do, Sol, mi, do,
Sing - ing so, Sing - ing so, Down - ward go, Down - ward go.

Teacher. Pupils. Teacher. Pupils.



Do, mi, fa, sol, Do, mi, fa, sol, Sol, sol, fa, mi, Sol,
Work while you may, Work while you may, Time flies a - way, Time

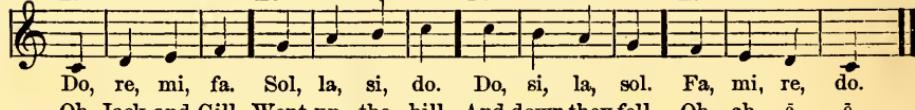
Teacher. Pupils.



sol, fa, mi, Fa, mi, re, do, Fa, mi, re, do,
flies a - way, Good - day, good - day, Good - day, good - day.

Teacher sings all of No. 1, then No. 2, &c., and pupils imitate him, line by line.

1. 2. 3. 4.



Do, re, mi, fa. Sol, la, si, do. Do, si, la, sol. Fa, mi, re, do.
Oh Jack and Gill, Went up the hill, And down they fell. Oh, ah, å, è.
Oh, ah, å, è. Oh, ah, å, è. Oo, au, å, è. Oo, au, å, è.

1. 2. 3.

Over the beauti-ful snow. Mer-ri- ly, mer-ri- ly go. Singing so cheer-i- ly ho.
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la. Tra, la, la, tra, la, la, la.

1. 2. 3.

Voi - ces ring-ing up-ward sing-ing. Ringing loud and clear. c l ē r clear.
 For dis-tinct pro-nun - ci - a - tion, We must ef - fort make, Make it with a will.
 Aye.....
 Zm.....

1. 2. 3. 4.

Ā, ā, oo, ö. ā, ā, oo, ö. ā, ā, oo, ö. ā, ā, oo, ö.
 B, b, b, bo. D, d, d, do. L, l, l, lo. M, m, m, mo.

5. 6. 7. 8.

ā, ā, oo, ö. ā, ā, oo, ö. ā, ā, oo, ö. ā, ā, oo, ö.
 N, n, n, no. R, r, r, ro. Th, th, th, tho. V, v, v, vo.

1. 2.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, do, si, re, do. Do, si, do, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, re.
 Twin-kle,twin-kle,twin-kle, lit - tle star, How I won-der,won-der what you are,

3.

Sol, do, la, fa, mi, do, re, si, do.
 Up a - bove, a - bove the world so high.

After singing the four words to the quarter notes, repeat them twice to the eighth notes as indicated by the repeat marks.



Sing, ting, ring, bring, :||: :||: Rum, dum, plum, thumb, :||: :||:
 Blown, mown, flown, thrown, :||: :||: Drive, live, thrive, strive, :||: :||:
 Bad, lad, mad, dad, :||: :||: Growl, scowl, owl, howl, :||: :||:



My, try, why, cry, :||: :||: Laugh, calf, half, staff, :||: :||:
 Lend, bend, send, friend, :||: :||: Race, pace, lace, face, :||: :||:
 Rare, sware, tear, hair, :||: :||: Lame, tame, same, name, :||: :||:



Hump, rump, bump, thump, :||: :||: Bawl, drawl, crawl, squall, :||: :||:
 Smile, rile, file, mile, :||: :||: Hay, may, pay, gray, :||: :||:
 Fill, mill, bill, will, :||: :||: Wield, shield, field, yield, :||: :||:



Crack, slack, smack, back, :||: :||: Fell, tell, well, yell, :||: :||:
 Goosē, use, loose, moose, :||: :||: Staff, half, calf, laugh, :||: :||:
 Fore, store, more, lore, :||: :||: Hung, rung, bung, sung, :||: :||:



Do, si, do, sol, la, sol, fa, mi, Fa, sol, la, si, do, re, mi, sol,
 Ha,
 La, la,



Do, si, do, re, mi, do, sol, mi, Fa, sol, la, si, do.
 Ha, ha.
 La, la,

BREATHING EXERCISE.

The teacher requests all to rise and stand erect.

All close lips and fill the lungs slowly as the teacher raises his hand.

Exhale as the hand drops.

Try again, and when the hand is up sing the tone G, and sustain it while the teacher counts 5.

Again, and sustain the tone while the teacher counts 8.

Do not hold the breath by shutting the throat, but by distending the ribs.

The strong intercostal and abdominal muscles, and not the delicate organs of the throat, should control the breath.

In producing the tones use as little breath as possible.

Now try again and sustain while I count 12.

This or a similar exercise should be introduced frequently.





Music is at its lowest ebb when taken as a mere pastime for the senses. The flood is reached when it is suggestive of noble thoughts and fancies.—BORST.



THE IDEAL MUSIC COURSE.

FAIRY DELL.

Dedicated to the Girls and Boys.

MRS. M. E. SCHUYLER.

J. A. SPRENKEL.

1. Know'st thou where the fair - ies dwell? Where they hold their
2. There on moon - light sum - mer nights, Or per - chance when

mystic dance? Come, I'll show you fair - y dell,
stars are bright. All the lit - tle trick - sy sprites,

Gleam - ing in the moon-beam's glance. Breezes there blow,
Ring the blue bells with de - light. El - fin and fay,

Soft - ly and low, And rock the flow'rs to sleep.
Brown-ies so gay, Now wouldn't you like to see?

KELLER'S AMERICAN HYMN.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Maestoso.

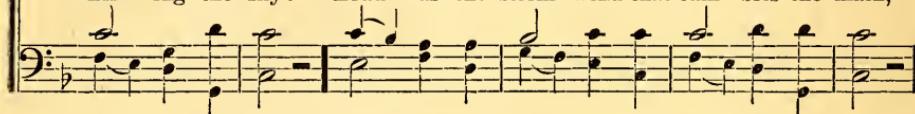
M. KELLER.



1. An - gel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long! Spread thy white wings to the
2. Broth - ers we meet on this al - tar of thine. Mingling the gifts we have
3. An - gels of Beth - le - hem, an - swer the strain! Hark! a new birth song is

Sing 1st verse *f*, 2d verse *pp*, 3d verse *ff*.

sun - shine of love! Come while our voi - ces are blend - ed in song.
 gath - ered for thee, Sweet with the o - dors of myr - tle and pine,
 fill - ing the sky! Loud as the storm - wind that tum - bles the main,



Fly to our ark, like the storm-beaten dove! Fly to our ark on the
 Breeze of the prai - rie and breath of the sea; Meadow and mountain and
 Bid the full breath of the or - gan re - ply; Let the loud temp - est of



wings of the dove, Speed o'er the far-sounding bil - lows of song, Crowned with
 for - est and sea! Sweet is the fragrance of myr - tle and pine, Sweeter the
 voi - ces re - ply, Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main! Swell the vast



thine olive-leaf garland of love, An - gel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!
 in - cense we of - fer to thee, Brothers once more round this al - tar of thine!
 song till it mounts to the sky! An - gels of Beth - le-hem, ech - o the strain!

OUR LAND IS FREE.

E. O. L.

E. O. L.

From "The School Song Book."

Maestoso. mf

1. Hail to A - mer - i - ca, Our land is free! Home of the
 2. Let hill and vale resound, Our land is free! Winds spread th'ex-
 3. O God! to Thee we sing, Our land is free! From Thee all

brave and true, Our land is free! Free - dom, our hearts inspire,
 ult - ing sound, Our land is free! Glad voi - ces swell the strain,
 bounties spring, Our land is free! From Thine al - might - y throne,

f

Fill us with patriot fire, Tune thou the nation'slyre, Our land is free!
 Shout back the loud refrain, From mount to billowy main, Our land is free!
 Watch keep above Thine own; Thou, Thou art King alone; Our land is free!

WELCOME SONG.

Written expressly for this work.

Words by MRS. K. V. WRIGHT.

Music by MINNIE WRIGHT.

Con spirito.

1. We now with merry voi - ces To halls of learning come; Our
 2. Our voi - ces blend to - geth - er In one harmonious song; While

hearts are young and hap - py, And aim in life is one— To
 these dear halls re - ech - o And send the sounds a - long. While

store our minds with knowl - edge, O this is ours to be, A
 to our faith - ful teach - ers, We of - fer love and praise For

hap - py band of schol - ars, A hap - py band are we.
 all the gold - en wis - dom, That brighten all our days.

WELCOME SONG. Concluded.

47

CHORUS. *Dolce.*

Come a - way,..... come a - way,..... Our aim in life is
 a - way,..... a - way,

one,..... Come a - way,..... come a - way,..... To halls of learning
 is one,..... a-way,..... a-way,

come. We'll sing,..... we'll sing,..... We'll sing our tune-ful
 we'll sing,..... we'll sing,

lay, O come, O come, O come, come a - way.....
Repeat pp.

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

*Gently.*W. B. BRADBURY.
From "Golden Chain."

1. Chide mildly the err - ing, Kind language en - dears, Grief follows the
 2. Chide mildly the err - ing, Jeer not at their fall, If strength be but
 3. Chide mildly the err - ing, En - treat them with care, Their natures are



sin - ful, Add not to their tears; A - void with re-proach - es Fresh
 hu - man, How weak were we all! What mar - vel that foot - steps Should
 mor - tal, They need not de - spair, We all have some frail - ty, We



pain to be - stow, The heart which is strick - en Needs nev - er a
 wan - der a - stray, When tempests so shad - ow Life's wea - ri - some
 all are un - wise, The grace which redeems us Must come from the



blow, The heart which is strick - en Needs nev - er a blow.
 way? When tem - pests so shad - ow Life's wea - ri - some way.
 skies. The grace which re - deems us Must come from the skies.



MEMORIAL DAY.

49

MRS. M. E. SCHUYLER.

J. A. SPRENKEL.

1. Now ral - ly! ral - ly! comrades all, Who wore the blue and gray,
 2. All hail our flag with stars a - light, All hail our comrades brave,

Re - spond a - gain to bu - gle call, On this me - mo - rial day.
 All hail our na - tion strong and bright, They gave their lives to save.

From sea to sea, from gulf to lake, The Un - ion is re - stored,
 Then strew the hal - low'd sod with flow's, And wa - ter it with tears,

The plow - share and the prun-ing hook, Re - place the cru - el sword.
 As oft as June with leaf - y bow'rs, Pro-claims the flight of years.

LOVE AT HOME.

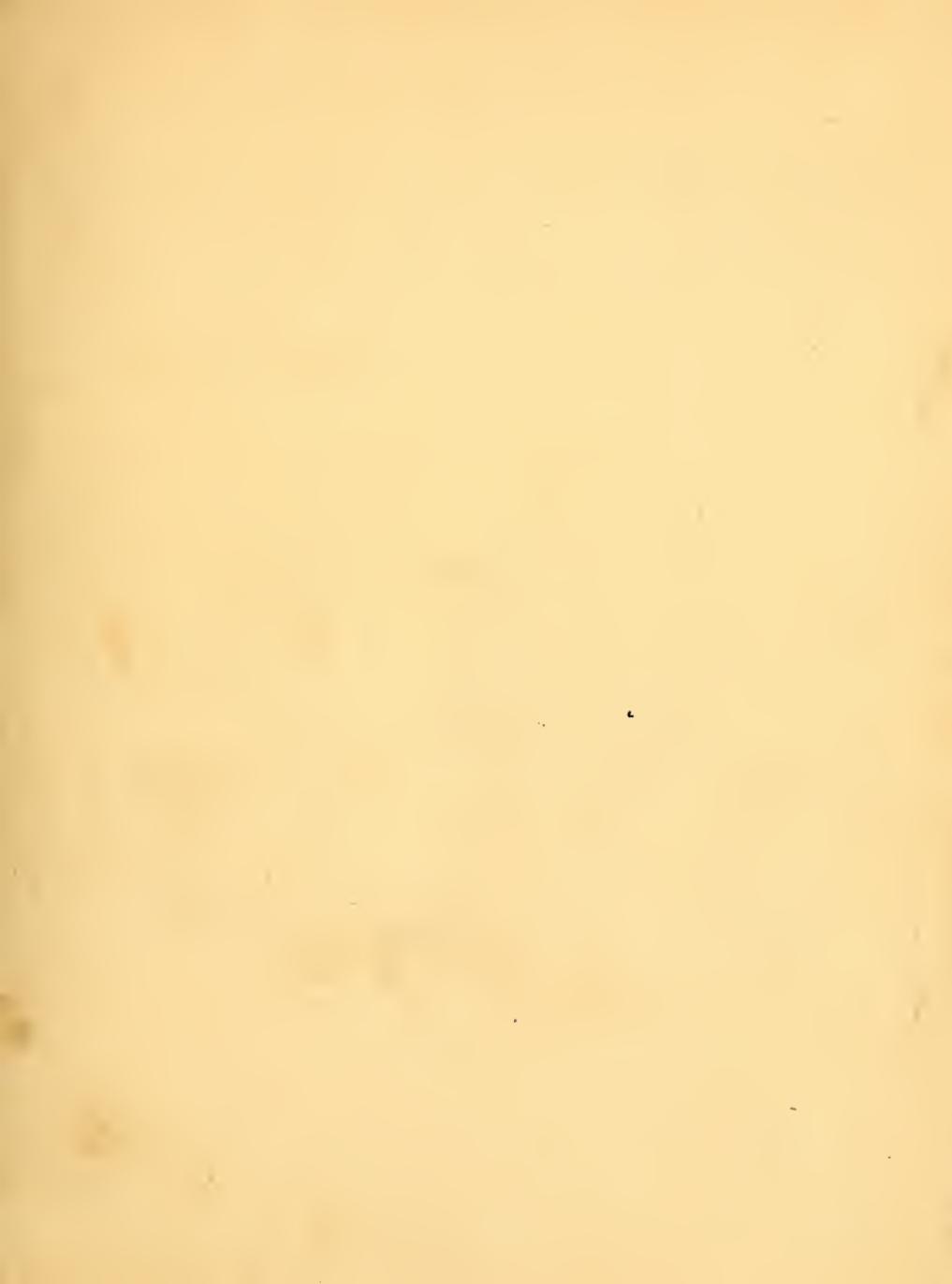
J. H. MCNAUGHTON.

1. There is beau-ty all a-round, When there's love at home; There is joy in
 2. In the cot-tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en - vy
 3. Kind-ly heav-en smiles a- bove, When there's love at home; All the earth is
 4. Je-sus, show Thy mercy mine, Then there's love at home; Sweet - ly whis-per

ev - 'ry sound, When there's love at home. Peace and plen-ty here a-bide,
 ne'er an - noy, When there's love at home. Ro - ses blos-som 'neath our feet,
 fill'd with love, When there's love at home. Sweet-er sings the brook - let by,
 I am Thine, Then there's love at home. Source of love, Thy cheer-ing light,

Smil - ing sweet on ev - 'ry side; Time doth soft - ly, sweet - ly glide,
 All the earth's a gar - den sweet, Mak - ing life a bliss com - plete,
 Bright-er beams the a - zure sky; Oh, there's One who smiles on high,
 Far ex - ceeds the sun so bright—Can dis - pel the gloom of night,

When there's love at home. Love at home, Love at home,
 When there's love at home. Love at home, Love at home,
 When there's love at home. Love at home, Love at home,
 Then there's love at home. Love at home, Love at home,



LOVE AT HOME. Concluded.

51

THE BLUE JUNIATA.

MRS. M. D. SULLIVAN.

THE MARSEILLAISE.

(Hymn of the French Revolution.)

ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792.

1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what myriads bid you
 2. With lux-u - ry and pride sur - round - ed, The vile, in - sa - tiate des-pots
 3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen'rous

rise! Your chil - dren, wives and grand - sires hoar - y; Be - hold their
 dare, Their thirst for gold and pow'r un - bound - ed, To mete and
 flame? Can dun - geons, bolts and bars con - fine thee? Or whips thy

tears and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hateful
 vend the light and air, To mete and vend the light and air, Like beasts of
 no - ble spir - it tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the

ty - rants, mis - chief breed-ing, With hire-ling hosts, a ruf - fian
 bur - den would they load us, Like gods would bid their slaves a -
 world has wept be - wail - ing That falsehood's dag - ger ty - rants

THE MARSEILLAISE. Concluded.

53

mf

band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, While
dore; But man is man, and who is more? Then
wield; But free - dom is our sword and shield, And

peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing! } To arms, to arms, ye
shall they long-er lash and goad us? } all their arts are un - a - vail-ing,

brave! Th' - aveng - ing sword un-sheathe! March on, march on,

all hearts re - solved On vic - - to - ry or death!

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.



1. O Co - lum-bia! the gem of the o - cean,
 2. When war winged its wide deso - la - tion,
 3. The Un - ion, the Un - ion for - ev - er,

The home of the brave and the
 And threatened the land to de -
 Our glo - rious nation's sweet



free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion. A
 form, The ark then of free - dom's foun-da - tion, Co -
 hymn. May the wreaths it has won nev - er with - er, Nor the



world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy man-dates make he - roes as -
 lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her gar-lands of vic - try a -
 star of its glo - ry grow dim! May the ser - vice u - nit - ed ne'er



sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy
 round her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew, With her
 sev - er, But they to their col - ors prove true! The



RED, WHITE, AND BLUE. Concluded.

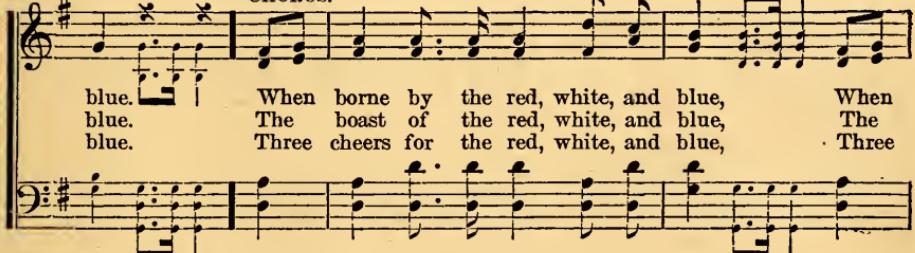
55



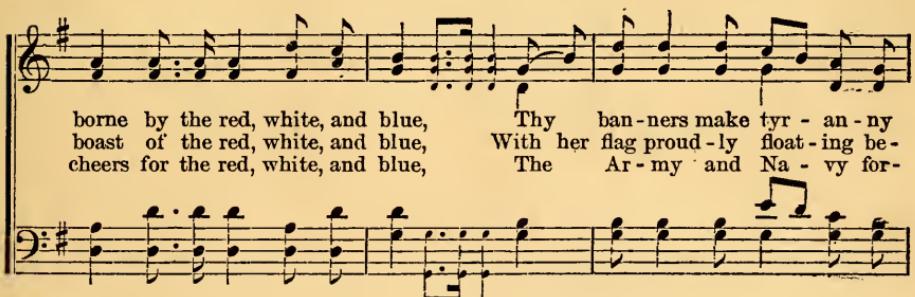
banners make tyr - an - ny tremble,
flag proudly floating be - fore her,
Army and Na - vy for - ev - er,

When borne by the red, white, and
The boast of the red, white, and
Three cheers for the red, white, and

CHORUS.

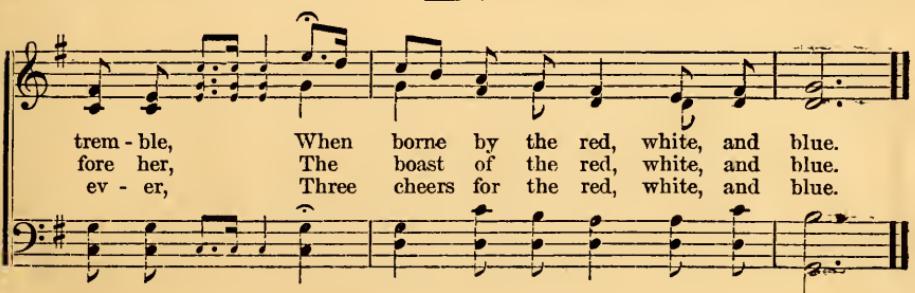


blue. When borne by the red, white, and blue, When
blue. The boast of the red, white, and blue, The
blue. Three cheers for the red, white, and blue, Three



borne by the red, white, and blue,
boast of the red, white, and blue,
cheers for the red, white, and blue,

Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny
With her flag proud - ly float - ing be -
The Ar - my and Na - vy for -



trem - ble,
fore her,
ev - er,

When borne by the red, white, and blue.
The boast of the red, white, and blue.
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

MORNING'S RUDDY BEAM.

L. O. EMERSON.

Lively.

1. Morning's rud-dy beam Tints the east - ern sky, Up, com - rades,
 2. Evening's gen-tle ray Gilds the glow - ing west, Each hunt - er
 3. Let the slug-gard sleep, We must slum- ber shun, Ere night falls,



CHORUS.



climb the mountains high.
 sighs for home and rest. } Trala la la,
 hon - or must be won. }



Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Haste, haste, haste, The



mer-ry, merry bu-gle calls; Haste, haste, haste, the mer-ry, merry bu - gle calls.



O HASTE THEE, GALLANT BOATMAN. 57

From "FRA DIAVOLO."



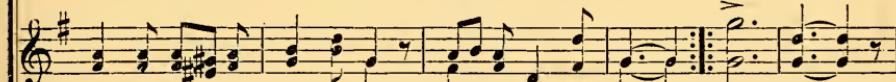
1. { O haste thee, gallant boat - man, And row us light-ly o'er the tide,
How soft the air of eve - ning, Like dis-tant mu-sic, mur - murs low,



2. { The time is quick-ly fly - ing, The eve-ning hours will soon be gone,
Then, boatman, speed thee on - ward, The cres-ted bil - lows tran-quil sleep;



Far a-way from yon-der shore, O'er the wa-ters wide. } Float! float!
All is calm, our hearts are light, Cheerily on we go. }



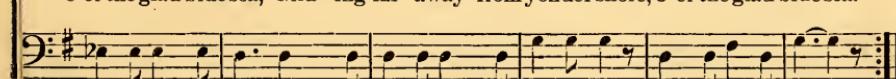
Gold-en stars in yon - der sky Wait our cho-ral song. } Float! float!
See the moon with sil - ver ray Watching the sparkling deep. }



o'er the glad blue sea, Glid - ing far away from yon-der shore, O'er the glad blue sea.



o'er the glad blue sea, Glid - ing far away from yon-der shore, O'er the glad blue sea.



SPEAK GENTLY.

WALLACE.

BATES.

1. Speak gen - tly—it is bet - ter far To rule by love than fear;
 2. Speak gen - tly to the young, for they Will have e - nou - gh to bear;
 3. Speak gen - tly to the err - ing, know They must have toiled in vain;

Speak gen - tly—let no harsh word mar The good we may do here.
 Pass thro' this life as best they may, 'Tis full of anx - ious care.
 Per - chance un - kindness made them so; Oh, win them back a - gain.

Speak gen - tly to the lit - tle child! Its love be sure to gain;
 Speak gen - tly to the a - ged one, Grieve not the care - worn heart,
 Speak gen - tly, 'tis a lit - tle thing Dropped in the heart's deep well;

Teach it in ac - cents soft and mild, It may not long re - main,
 hose sands of life are near - ly run; Let such in peace de - part,
 The good, the joy, that it may bring, E - ter - ni - ty shall tell,

SPEAK GENTLY. Concluded.

59

rit.

Teach it in ac-cent soft and mild, It may not long re - main.
 Whose sands of life are near-ly run, Let such in peace de - part.
 The good, the joy, that it may bring, E - ter - ni - ty shall tell.

HAIL TO THE OCEAN FLOOD!

"ROBIN ADAIR."

Moderato.

1. Hail to the o - cean flood: hail to the sea! Mir - ror of
 2. Earth is our her - it-age; man rules the land, Man sets no
 3. Yet hast thou bounds se-cure, bounds fixed for thee, Bonds curb thy

sky and star; fade - less and free. O'er thee from pole to pole,
 bound to thee; earth's in thy hand. O'er thee the sun may glow,
 ma - jes - ty, fear - less and free! Loud let thy sur - ges roar;

Wave heap'd on wave may roll; Yet in thine in-most soul, Calm sleeps with thee.
 Night her dark veil may throw; Thou no restraint can'st know; Know'st no command.
 Toss thy wild waves ashore, Thou can'st no more, no more: God rules the sea.

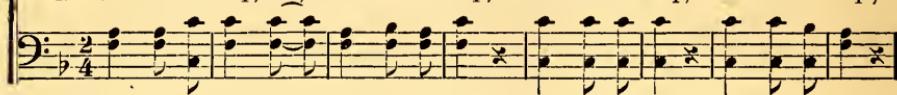
TOUCH NOT THE CUP.

T. H. BAYLY.

JAMES H. AIKMAN.



1. Touch not thee up, it is death to thy soul; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
2. Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
3. Touch not the cup, young man, in thy pride; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
4. Touch not the cup, oh, drink not a drop; Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;



Many I know who have quaffed from that bowl; Touch not the cup,
 Tho' like the ru - by it shines in the light; Touch not the cup,
 Hark to the warning of thousands who've died; Touch not the cup,
 All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop; Touch not the cup,

touch it not.
 touch it not.
 touch it not.
 touch it not.



Little they thought that the demon wasthere, Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare;
 Fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl, Deep-ly the poi-son may enter thy soul,
 Go to their lonely and desolate tomb, Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom;
 Stop ! for the home that to thee is so dear, Stop ! for the friends that to thee are so near,



Then of that death-dealing bowl, oh, beware; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their doom; Touch not the cup, touch it not.
 Stop ! for the coun - try, in trembling and fear; Touch not the cup, touch it not.



WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY. 61

FRANZ ABT.



1. When the swallows homeward fly, When the roses scatter'd lie, When from
 2. When the white swan southward roves, To seek at noon the orange groves, When the
 3. Hush, my heart! why thus complain? Thou must, too, thy woes contain, Tho' on-



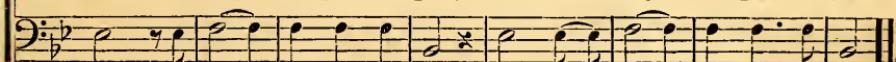
neither hill nor dale, Chants the silv'ry night-in-gale; In these words my bleeding
 red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding
 earth no more we rove, Loudly breathing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re-



heart Would to thee its grief im-part, When I thus thy im-age lose,
 heart Would to thee its grief im-part. When I thus thy im-age lose,
 lie, Yielding to these words belief; I shall see thy form a-gain,



Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know repose?
 Can I, ah, can I e'er know re-pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know repose?
 Tho' to-day we part a-gain, Tho' to-day we part a-gain.



SHELLS OF THE OCEAN.

Expression.

J. W. CHERRY.



1. One sum-mer eve, with pen-sive thought, I wan-der'd on the sea-beat
 2. I stoop'd up - on the peb-bly strand, To cull the toys that round me



shore, Where oft, in heed - less in - fant sport, I gath - er'd
 lay, But, as I took them in my hand, I thew them



shells in days be - fore, I gath - er'd shells in..... days be - fore;
 one by one a - way, I thew them one by..... one a - way:



The splash - ing waves like mu - sic fell, Re - spon - sive
 Oh, thus, I said, in ev - 'ry stage, By toys our



to my fan - ey wild; A dream came o'er me like a fan - ey is be - guiled; We gath - er shells from youth to

spell, I thought I was a - gain a child, A dream came age, and then we leave them, like a child, We gath - er

Expression. *ad lib.*

o'er me like a spell, I thought I was a - gain, a - gain a child. shells from youth to age, And then we leave them, leave them like a child.

MERRILY, MERRILY.—Round.

1.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, greet the morn; Cheer-i - ly, cheeri - ly, sound the horn.

2.

Hark ! to the ech-oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far, a-way.

3.

Hark ! to the ech-oes, hear them play O'er hill and dale, far, far, a-way.

4.

FREEDOM'S FLAG.

JOHN J. HOOD

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Our Country's flag, O em - blem dear Of all the soul loves best,
 2. Be -neath thy rays our fa - thers bled In freedom's ho - ly cause;
 3. Proud ban -ner of the no - ble free! Em - blazon'd from on high;

What glo - ries in thy folds ap - pear, Let no - ble deeds at - test;
 Wher - e'er to heav'n thy folds out - spread, Pre - vail sweet Freedom's laws.
 Long may thy folds un - soil'd re - flect The glo - ries of the sky!

Thy pres - ence on the field of strife En - kin-dles val - or's flame;
 Pros - per - i - ty has marked thy course O'er all the land and sea;
 Long may thy land be Free-dom's land, Thy homes with vir - tue bright,

A - round thee, in the hour of peace, We twine our na - tion's fame.
 Thy fav - or'd sons in dis - tant climes, Still fond -ly look to thee.
 Thy sons a brave u - nit - ed band, For God, for Truth, and Right!

ff CHORUS.

Then hur-rah, hurrah, for Freedom's Flag! We hail, with ring-ing cheers,

Its glowing bars and clust'ring stars, That have braved a hun-dred years.

WHILE THE MORNING BELLS ARE RINGING.

"SICILIAN HYMN."

1. While the morn-ing bells are ring-ing, We to Thee our songs would raise,
2. When the night was fold-ed o'er us, Heav-y dark-ness shut us in;
3. Thanks to Thee, O heav'nly Fa-ther, For Thine all - pro - teet-ing arm;

Thanking Thee for Thy pro-tec-tion, Lift-ing to Thee notes of praise.
But we slept in peace-ful qui-et, Thou our night-ly guard hast been.
Thro' the day, we pray Thee, keep us Free from e-vil, safe from harm.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN WAVE.

E. L. WHITE.



1. O - ver the mountain wave See where they come; Storm-cloud and wint'ry wind
 2. Dim grew the for - est path, On - ward they trod; Firm beat their noble hearts,
 3. Not theirs the glo - ry-wreath, Torn by the blast; Heavenward their ho-ly steps,



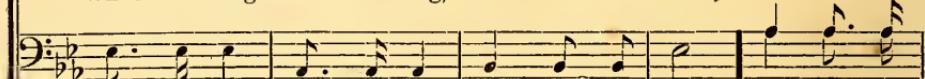
Wel-come them home; Yet where the sound-ing gale Howls to the sea,
 Trust-ing in God! Gray men and blooming maids, High rose their song,
 Heav'nward they past. Green be their mos - sy graves! Ours be their fame,



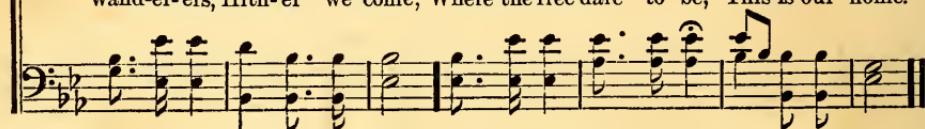
CHORUS.



There their song Peals a - long, Deep-toned and free. }
 Hear it sweep, Clear and deep, Ev - er a - long. } "Pil - grims and
 While their song Peals a - long, Ev - er the same.



wand-er-ers, Hith-er we come; Where the free dare to be, This is our home.



O COME, COME AWAY.

67

GERMAN.

Allegro.

1. O come, come a - way, From la - bor now re - pos - ing, Let
 2. From toil and from care, On which the day is clos - ing, The
 3. While sweet Phil - o - mel, The wea - ry trav'ler cheer - ing, With
 4. The bright day is gone, The moon and stars ap - pear - ing, With

bus - y care a - while for - bear, O come, come a - way.
 hour of eve brings sweet re - prieve, O come, come a - way.
 even - ing song her notes pro - long, O come, come a - way.
 sil - v'ry light il - lume the night, O come, come a - way.

Come, come, our so - cial joys re - new, And there with trust and
 O come where love will smile on thee, And round the heart will
 In answ'ring song of sym - pa - thy, We'll sing in tune - ful
 We'll join in tune - ful songs of praise, To Him who crowns our

friendship, too, Let true hearts wel - come you, O come, come a - way.
 gladness be, And time fly mer - ri - ly, O come, come a - way.
 har - mo - ny, Of hope, joy, lib - er-ty, O come, come a - way.
 peace - ful days With wealth, hope, hap - pi-ness, O come, come a - way.

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH.

W. S. P.

W. S. PITTS.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild - wood, No
 2. How sweet on a bright Sab - bath morn - ing, To
 3. There close by the church in the val - ley, Lies

love - li - er place in the dale,
 list to the clear ring-ing bell,
 one that I lov - ed so well;

No spot is so dear to my
 Its tones so sweet - ly are
 She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the

child - hood, As the lit - tle brown church in the vale.
 call - ing, Oh, come to the church in the vale.
 wil - low, Dis-turb not her rest in the vale.

THE LITTLE BROWN CHURCH. Concluded. 69

CHORUS.

Come to the church by the

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale,

come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, No

come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, No

spot is so dear to my child - hood, As the little brown church in the vale.

spot is so dear to my child - hood, As the little brown church in the vale.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Words by FRANCIS S. KEY.

All voices in Unison.

1. { Oh, say can you see, by the dawn'searly light, What so proud-ly we
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight, O'er the ramparts we
2. { On the shore dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it fit-ful-ly
3. { Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their lov-ed
Blest with vic-t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the pow'r that has



hailed at the twilight's last gleaming; } And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs
watched were so gal-lant-ly streaming. } host in dread si-lence re-pos-es, } Now it catch-es the gleam, of the
blows, half con-ceals, half dis-clos-es? } homes and the war's des-o-la-tion; } Then con-quer we must, when our
made and preserved us a na-tion. }



burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
morning's first beam, In full glo-ry re-flect-ed, now shines o'er the stream.
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to, "In God is our trust."

CHORUS.



Oh, say does the Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave



'Tis the Star-span-gled Ban-ner! Oh, long may it wave



And the Star-span-gled Ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER. Concluded. 71



AWAY TO SCHOOL.



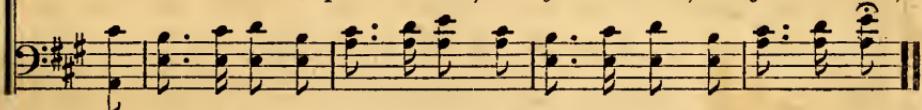
1. { Our youth-ful hearts for learn-ing burn, A - way, a-way to school; }
 To sci-ence now our steps we turn, A - way, a-way to school. }
2. { Be - hold! a hap - py band ap-pears, A - way, a-way to school; }
 The shout of joy now fills our ears, A - way, a-way to school. }
3. { No more we work, no more we play, A - way, a-way to school; }
 In stu - dy now we spend the day, A - way, a-way to school. }

CHORUS.—A - way to school, a - way to school, A - way, a-way to school.



D. C. for Chorus.

Fare-well to home and all its charms, Farewell to love's pa - ter - nal arms;
 Our voi - ces ring, our hands we wave, Our hearts rebound with vig - or brave;
 U - ni - ted in a peace-ful hand, We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand;



NOTE.—Boys sing the Alto in the Bass clef to accustom themselves to the Tenor part.

72 RISE! SHINE! AND GIVE GOD THE GLORY.

Allegro.

1. Do you think I'll make a sol-dier, sol-dier? Do you think I'll
 (Yes, I think you'll make a sol-dier, sol-dier, Yes, I think you'll
 2. Fighting for our Mas-ter Je-sus, Je-sus, Fight-ing for our
 3. We are climbing Ja-cob's lad-der, lad-der, We are climb-ing

make a soldier, soldier? Do you think I'll make a sol-dier, sol-dier, The
 make a soldier, soldier, Yes, I think you'll make a sol-dier, sol-dier, The
 Mas-ter Je-sus, Je-sus, In the bat-tle He will lead us, lead us, The
 Ja-cob's ladder, ladder, Ev'-ry round we're climbing higher, high-er, The

FINE. CHORUS. *In staccato style.*

year of ju - bi - lee.
 year of ju - bi - lee.) }
 year of ju - bi - lee. }
 year of ju - bi - lee. } Rise! Shine! an' give God de glo - ry, glo - ry,

Rise! Shine! an' give God de glo - ry, glo - ry, Rise an' shine, an'

Repeat. pp

give God de glo - ry, glo - ry, The year of ju - bi - lee.

MARCH ON.

1. Way o - ver in the E - gypt land, You shall gain the vic - to - ry,
 2. When Peter was a preaching at Pen - ti - cost, You shall gain the vic - to - ry,
 3. When Peter was a fish - ing in the sea, You shall gain the vic - to - ry,
 4. King Je - sus on the mountain top, You shall gain the vic - to - ry,

CHORUS.

Way o - ver in the E - gypt land, You shall gain the day.
 He was endowed with the Ho - ly Ghost, You shall gain the day.
 Hedropped his net and fol - lowed me, You shall gain the day.
 King Je - sus speaks and the cha - riot stops, You shall gain the day.

Repeat pp.

you shall gain the vic - to - ry, March on, and you shall gain the day.

JOHNNY SANDS.

J. SINCLAIR.



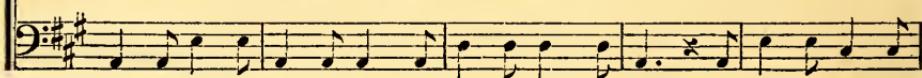
1. A man whose name was Johnny Sands, Had married Bet - ty Hague, And
 2. "For fear that I should courage lack, And try to save my life, Pray



tho' she brought him gold and lands, She proved a ter - ri - ble plague, For
 tie my hands be - hind my back," "I will," re - plied his wife, She



Oh ! she was a scolding wife, Full of ca - price and whim, He said, that he was
 tied them fast as you may think, And when securely done, "Now stand," says she, "up -



tired of life, And she was tired of him, And she was tired of him;
 on the brink, And I'll pre - pare to run, And I'll pre - pare to run."

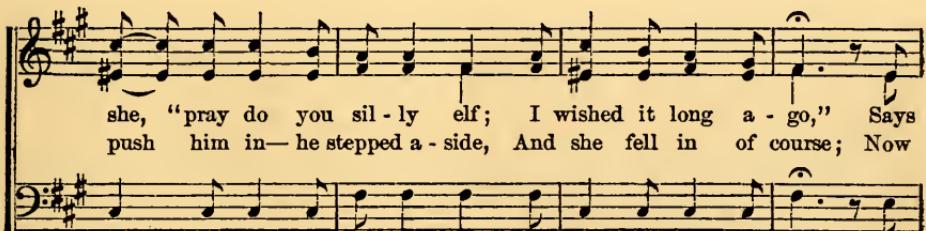


JOHNNY SANDS. Concluded.

75



Says he, "then I will drown my-self, The riv-er runs be - low," Says
All down the hill his lov - ing bride, Now ran with all her force To



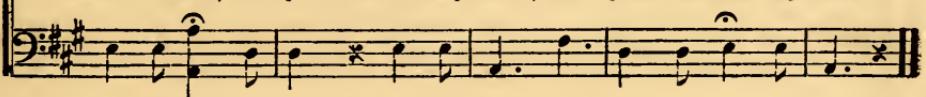
she, "pray do you sil - ly elf; I wished it long a - go," Says
push him in—he stepped a - side, And she fell in of course; Now



he, "up - on the brink I'll stand, Do you run down the hill, And push me in with
splashing, dashing, like a fish, "Oh, save me, Johnny Sands." "I can't, my dear, tho'

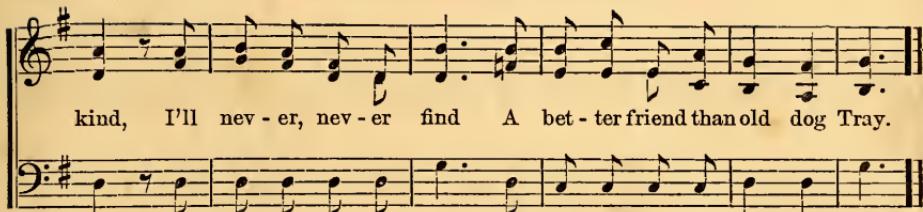


all your might." Says she! "my love I will," Says she! "my love I will."
much I wish, For you have tied my hands, For you have tied my hands."



OLD DOG TRAY.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.



NATIONAL HYMN.

Poetry by REV. S. F. SMITH, D. D.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try! thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King!

HOME, SWEET HOME.

By JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

1. 'Mid pleasures and pal - a - ces tho' we may roam, Be it ev - er so
 2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild, And feel that my
 3. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh ! give me my

hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
 moth - er now thinks of her child; As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
 low - ly thatch'd cottage a - gain; The birds singing gai - ly, that came at my

REFRAIN.

there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where. }
 door Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more. } Home, home,
 call; Give me them, and that peace of mind, dear - er than all.

sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

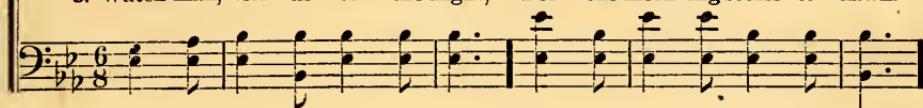
WATCHMAN.

79

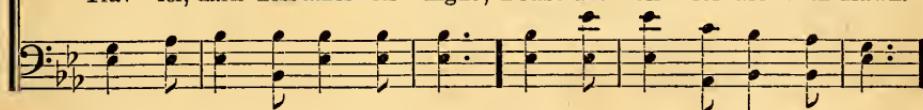
LOWELL MASON.



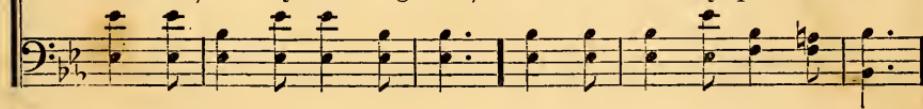
1. Watch-man, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are.
 2. Watch-man, tell us of the night; High - er yet that star as - cends.
 3. Watch-man, tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn.



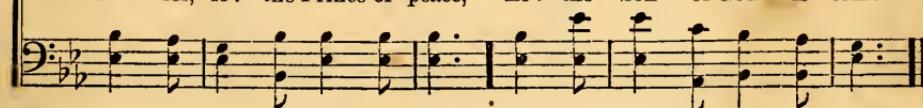
Trav - 'ler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry-beam-ing star!
 Trav - 'ler, bless - ed-ness and light, Peace and truth, its course por - tends!
 Trav - 'ler, dark-ness takes its flight; Doubt and ter - ror are with-drawn.



Watch-man, does its beaut-eous ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell?
 Watch-man, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Watch-man, let thy wandering cease; Hie thee to thy qui - et home!



Trav - 'ler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.
 Trav - 'ler, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth!
 Trav - 'ler, lo! the Prince of peace, Lo! the Son of God is come!



FLAG OF THE FREE.

March from "LOHENGRIN."

Steady time.

1. Flag of the free, fair-est to see! Borne thro' the strife and the
 2. Flag of the brave, long may it wave, Chos-en of God while His

thun-der of war; Ban-ner so bright with star-ry light,
 might we a - dore, In Lib - er - ty's van for man-hood to man,

D.S.—While thro' the sky loud rings the cry,

FINE.

Float ev - er proud - ly from mountain to shore. Em - blem of Free - dom,
 Sym - bol of Right thro' the years pass-ing o'er. Pride of our coun - try,

Un - ion and Lib - er - ty! one ev - er - more!

D.S.

hope to the slave, Spread thy fair folds but to shield and to save;
 hon - ored a - far, Scat - ter each cloud that would darken a star;

THE KING AND MILLER.

81

ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

1. There dwelt a mil - ler, hale, and bold, Be - side the riv - er Dee;
 2. "Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old king Hal, "As wrong as wrong can be;
 3. The mil - ler smiled and doffed his cap—"I earn my bread," quoth he;
 4. "Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while, "Farewell and hap - py be;

He worked and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he;
 For could my heart be light as thine, I'd glad - ly change with thee:
 "I love my wife, I love my friend, I love my chil - dren three.
 But say no more, if thou'dst be true, That no one en - vies thee;

And this the bur - den of his song For - ev - er used to be;
 And tell me now, what makes thee sing With voice so loud and free,
 I owe no one I can - not pay, I thank the riv - er Dee;
 Thy meal - y cap is worth my crown; Thy mill my king-dom's fee;

"I en - vy no one— no, not I! And no one en - vies me!"
 While I am sad, though I'm a King, Be - side the riv - er Dee!"
 That turns the mill that grinds the corn To feed my babes and me!"
 Such men as thou art England's boast, Oh, mil - ler of the Dee!"

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

GERMAN PATRIOTIC SONG.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

CARL WILHELM.

1. { A voice resounds like thunder peal, 'Mid dashing wave and clang of steel;
Es braust ein Ruf wie Don-ner-hall, Wie Schwert-ge-klirr und Wo gen-prall;

2. { They stand a hundred thousand strong, Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
Durch Hun-dert-tau-send zuckt es schnell, Und Al-ler Au-gen blit-zzen hell;

"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine! Who guards to-day my stream di-vine?" }
Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein! Wer will des Stromes Hu-ter sein?" }

With fil-ial love their bosoms swell; They'll guard the sacred land-mark well. }
Der Deut-sche, bie-der, fromm und stark, Be-schützt die heil-ge Lan-des-mark. }

CHORUS.

Dear Fa-ther-land! no dan-ger thine, Dear Fa-ther-land! no
Lieb Va-der-land, magst ru-hig sein, Lieb Va-der-land, magst

dan-ger thine; Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine,
ru-hig sein; Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhine!

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE. Concluded.

83

Firm stand thy sons to watch. to watch the Rhine.
 Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhine!

3.

While flows one drop of German blood,
 Or sword remains to guard the flood,
 While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
 No foe shall tread thy sacred strand.—CHO.

4.

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
 In golden light our banner glows,
 Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
 The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
 —CHO.

3.

*So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch gluht,
 Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
 Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
 Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.*—CHO.

4.

*Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt:
 Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind:
 Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
 Wir alle wollen Huter sein!*—CHO.

WHAT KIND OF BOYS.

J. A. SPRENKEL.

1. Boys of spir - it, boys of will, Boys of mus - cle brain and power,
 2. Not the dull and whining drones—That their trou - bles mag - ni - fy,
 3. Do what e'er you have to do With a true and hon - est zeal,

Fit to cope with an - y ill; These are want - ed ev - 'ry hour.
 Not the mot - to of "I can't." But that no - bler one "I'll try."
 Put your ef - forts in the task, Put your shoul - der to the wheel.

ANNIE LAURIE.

LADY JOHN SCOTT.

MY COUNTRY.

85

Anon.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1. I love my coun - try's vine clad hills,
 2. I love her riv - ers deep and wide,
 3. I love her for - ests, dark and lone,
 4. Her for - ests and her val - leys fair,

Her thou - and bright and gushing rills, Her sunshine and her storms;
 Those might - y streams that seaward glide To seek the o - cean's breast;
 For there the wild-bird's mer - ry tone I hear from morn to night;
 Her flow'rs that scent the morn - ing air, All have their charms for me;

Her rough and rug - ged rocks that rear Their hoar - y heads high in the air
 Her smil - ing fields, her flow - ery dales, Her sha - dy dells, her pleasant vales,
 And love - lier flow'rs are there I ween, Than e'er in east - ern lands were seen,
 But more I love my country's name, Those words that ech - o deathless fame,

In wild, fan - tas - tic forms, In wild fan - tas - - tic forms.
 A - bodes of peace - ful rest, A - bodes of peace - - ful rest.
 In var - ied col - ors bright, In var - ied col - - ors bright.
 The Land of Lib - er - ty! The Land of Lib - - er - ty!

JUANITA.

Words by MRS. NORTON.

SPANISH MELODY.

mf

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Ling'ring falls the south-ern moon;
 2. When in thy dream-ing, Moons like these shall shine a-gain,

Far o'er the mountain Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's
 And daylight beaming, Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-

splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Weary looks, yet ten-der,
 lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh, In thy heart con-sent-ing

slower.

a tempo.

p

Speak their fond fare-well! Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!* Ask thy soul if
 To a prayer gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta! Let me lin-ger

* Wha-ne-ta.

Tenderly. rit.

we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart.
by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Be my own fair bride!

MERRILY EVERY BOSOM.

POPULAR MELODY.

END.

1. { Mer-ri-ly ev -'ry bo - som boundeth, Merrily, oh! merri-ly, oh!
Where the song of Freedom soundeth, Merrily, oh! merri-ly, [Omit.] oh!

D. C.—Ev - er - y joy the land re-soundeth, Merrily, oh! merri-ly, [Omit.] oh!

D. C. 55

There the gath'ring smiles of Peace are beaming, Where the starry flag is gaily streaming.

2. Wearily every bosom sigheth,
Wearily, oh! wearily oh!
When the dove of Peace, it flieth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

There no cheerful songs of Freedom greeting,
Childhood's happy smile is quickly fleeting,
Every flower of life then dieth,
Wearily, oh! wearily, oh!

3. Cheerily, then, from hill and valley,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!
As when lake and zephyr daily,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

While the children shout their loud hosanna,
Where they wave the nation's starry banner,
Round the flag of Freedom rally,
Cheerily, oh! cheerily, oh!

NOTE.—In the second verse, the minor may be introduced with good effect (where there is an instrument to guide), by substituting E flat for E, throughout.

PENNSYLVANIA SONG.

Words and Music by REV. J. BERG ESENWEIN.

1. To Thee, all hail, Penn-syl-va-ni-a! Our joc-und voi-ces raise,
 2. To Thee, all hail, Penn-syl-va-ni-a! Thou fair-est of the fair,
 3. To Thee, all hail, Penn-syl-va-ni-a! Bright be thy fu-ture skies,
 4. To Thee, all hail, Penn-syl-va-ni-a! The memory of our sires,
 In hon-or of thy his-to-ry, A song of heart-felt praise.
 Thy woods and glades, Penn-syl-va-ni-a, Are fanned with free-dom's air.
 As on thy hills and in thy vales Fair Learn-ing's Tem-ples rise.
 With might-y pur-pose to be true To thee, each soul in-spires.
 Thy bat-tled hosts in vic-to-ry Have triump'd in the field,
 No haugh-ty mon-arch can sub-due The sturdy sons of Penn,
 May peace and blest pros-per-i-ty Thy borders reign with-in,
 May jus-tice, law and lib-er-ty Pre-vail on ev'-ry hand;
 Thy peace-ful sons of hus-band-ry Have reap'd earth's richest yield.
 Nor sul-len ty-rant e'er es-say To shack-le thy free men.
 While whirl-ing wheel and bu-sy mart For thee rich in-crease win.
 And love to God, our fa-ther's God, In bless-ing fill the land.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF MISSIONS.

89

RAY PALMER.

JOHN WHITAKER.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, thou hast said, That Christ all
 2. We wait thy tri - umph, Sav - iour King; Long a - ges
 3. Thy hosts are mus - tered to the field; "The Cross! the
 4. On moun - tain tops the watch - fires glow, Where scat - tered
 5. O fill thy Church with faith and pow'r, Bid her long
 6. Come, Spir - it, make thy won - ders known Ful - fill the

glo - ry shall ob - tain; That he who once a suff - 'rer
 have pre - pared thy way; Now all a - broad thy ban - ner
 Cross!" the bat - tle call, The old grim tow'rs of dark - ness
 wide the watch-men stand: Voice ech - oes voice, and on - ward
 night of weep - ing cease; To groan-ing na - tions haste the
 Fa - ther's high de - cree; Then earth, the might of hell o'er -

bled Shall o'er the world a con - qu'ror reign.
 fling, Set times's great bat - tle in ar - ray.
 yield : And soon shall tot - ter to their fall.
 flow The joy - ous shouts from land to land.
 hour Of life and free - dom, light and peace.
 thrown Shall keep her last great ju - bi - lee.

KITTY WELLS.



1. You ask what makes this darkey weep, Why he like oth - ers am not gay,
 2. I nev - er shall for - get the day, When we to - geth - er roam'd the dells;
 3. I oft - en wish that I were dead, And lay be - side her in the tomb,



What makes the tears flow down his cheek, From ear - ly dawn to close of day:
 I kiss'd her cheek and named the day, That I should marry Kit-ty Wells.
 The sor - row that bows down my head, Is si - lenced in the mid-night gloom.



My sto - ry, darkey's you shall hear, For in my mem - o - ry fresh it dwells,
 But death came to my cab - in door, And took from me my joy and pride,
 The spring-time has no charms for me, Tho' the flow'rs are blooming in the dells.



'T will cause you all to drop a tear On the grave of my sweet Kit-ty Wells.
 And when I found she was no more, I laid my ban - jo down and cried.
 For that sweet face I do not see, 'Tis the face of my dear Kit - ty Wells.

CHORUS.



When the birds were sing - ing in the morn - ing, And the Myr - tle and the



I - vy were in bloom, . When the sun the hill - top was



dawn - ing, It was then we laid her in the tomb.

VACATION.

91

Lively.

1. Va - ca - tion, boys, now come vaca - tion, How free and happy shall we
 2. Come thro' the greenwood freely roam - ing, Come nim - bly climb the fallen

3. The sau - cy squirrels venture nigh us, And look us pertly in the
 4. Now play - ing, shouting, running, rac - ing, We'll frol - ic till va-cation's

be, There's not a bird in all cre - a - tion, More joyful blithe and gay than
 tree, Wade thro' the water, deep and foaming, And laugh and shout and sing with

face, Then chipping loudly, swiftly fly us, As if to tempt us to a
 o'er, Then back to school our way retrac - ing, We'll stu - dy better than be -

we, than we, than we, More joy - ful blithe and gay than we.
 glee, with glee, with glee, And laugh and shout and sing with glee.

race, a race, a race, As if to tempt us to a race.
 fore, be - fore, be - fore, We'll stu - dy bet - ter than be - fore,

WHICH LOVED MOTHER BEST?

SELECTED.

J. A. SPRENKEL.

1. "I love you mother," said lit - tle John ; Then left his
 2. "I love you mother," said ro - sy Nell ; "I love you
 3. "I love you mother," said fit - tle Fan. "To - day I'll
 4. Then stepping soft - ly bring - ing the broom, Swept up the
 5. "I love you mother," that night they said ; Three lit - tle

work and his cap went ou. Then to the gar - den high
 more than tongue can tell." Then she went pout - ing full
 help you all I can, How glad am I that school
 floor and then cleaned the room, Bu - sy and hap - py all
 chil - dren were gone to bed. How are you think - ing that

in the swing, Left her the wa - ter and the wood to bring.
 half a day, Moth - er was glad when she'd gone to play.
 does - n't keep." She rocked the ba - by till it fell a - sleep.
 day was she, Help - ful and hap - py as a child could be.
 moth - er guessed Which of her children real - ly loved her best.

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JOHNNY.—Round in Four Parts.

1.

2.

3.

4.

Johnny, Johuny, What! what! So we keep singing, and so we keep calling him.

THE SQUIRREL.

93

SELECTED.

J. A. SPRENKEL.

1. I'm a lit - tle squirrel, Glad and gay am I. I live in a tree - top,
2. Ev - 'ry day in Spring time, Ev - 'ry Autumn day, How we wake the ech - oes,
3. But we work in Autumn, Long and pa - tiently, Pack - ing but - ter-nuts away,

Near the sun-ny sky, Don't you wish, dear children, you could live so high?
Drive the birds away, How we chatter, chat - ter! How we run and play!
In a hol - low tree, Then what fun all win - ter, Snug as snug can be!

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THE BELL.-Round.

1.

The bell doth toll, its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full

2.

well. Bom, bom, bim, bom, bell! I love its ring-ing for it

3.

calls to sing - ing, With its bim, bim, bim, bom, bell.

FAINTLY FLOW, THOU FALLING RIVER.

Words by PERCIVAL.



1. Faint - ly flow, thou fall-ing riv - er! Like a dream that dies a - way,
 2. Ro - ses bloom, and then they with-er; Cheeks are bright, then fade and die:



Down the o - cean glid-ing ev - er, Keep thy calm un - ruf - fled way;
 Shapes of light are waft-ed hith - er, Then, like vis - ions, hur - ry by;



Time with such a si - lent mo - tion, Floats a - long on wings of air
 Quick as clouds at ev - ning driv - en, O'er the ma - ny cloud-ed west:



To e - ter - ni - ty's dark o - cean, Bury-ing all its treas - ures there.
 Years are bear - ing us to heav - en, Home of hap - pi - ness and rest.



THE TRAVELER.

95



1. { Faint and wear-i-ly the way-worn trav-el-er, Plods un -
 Wandering drear-i-ly, and sad un-rav-el-ler, Of the
 D. C.—Oh! how brisk-ly then the way-worn trav-el-er, Treads the



2. { Tho' so sad and lone the day has pass'd a-way, 'Twould be
 Hap-pi-ly he sits in twi-light's soft-est ray, Ev-er
 D. C.—Oh! how hap-py now the way-worn trav-el-er, Rests se -



FINE.



cheer-i-ly, af-raid to stop; } Doubt-ing, fear-ing, While his course he's
 maz-es, on, the mountain top. } maz-es on the mount-ain top.



fol-ly now to think on't more; } Doubt-ing, fear-ing, While his course he's
 wel-come to the cot-ter's door. } -cure-ly on the mount-ain top.



D. C.



steer-ing, Cot-tag-es ap-pear-ing, And he's nigh to drop;



steer-ing, Cot-tag-es ap-pear-ing, And he's nigh to drop;



ELAH.

HENRY ALFORD.

From FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.



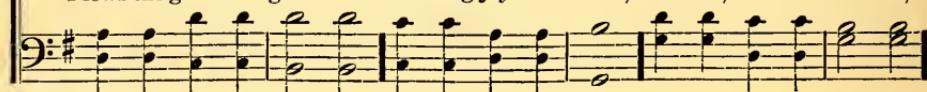
1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us,
2. Forward! flock of Je - sus, Salt of all the earth, Till each yearning pur - pose
3. Glo - ries up - on glo - ries Hath our God prepared, By the souls that love him
4. Far o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the city tow'rs, Where our God a - bid - eth;



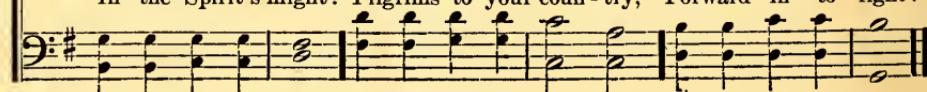
Not a look be - hind : Burns the fier - y pil - lar At our ar - my's head ;
 Spring to glorious birth : Sick, they ask for heal - ing ; Blind, they grope for day ;
 One day to be shared : Eye hath not be - held them, Ear hath nev - er heard ;
 That fair home is ours : Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold ;



Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Cap - tain led ? Forward thro' the des - ert,
 Pour up - on the na - tions Wisdom's loving ray. Forward, out of er - ror,
 Nor of these hath uttered Thought or speech a word. Forward, marching eastward
 Flows the gladdening riv - er Shedding joys un - told ; Thither, onward thither,



Thro' the toil and fight : Jordan flows be - fore us, Zi - on beams with light !
 Leave behind the night ; Forward thro' the dark - ness, Forward in - to light !
 Where the heaven is bright, Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight !
 In the Spirit's might : Pilgrims to your coun - try, Forward in - to light !



GOOD-NIGHT.

97

VOLKSLIED.

Moderato.

1. How soft the hap - py eve - ning'sclose, 'Tis the hour for
 2. These tran - quil hours of so - cial mirth, Form the dear - est
 3. Oh, how each gen - tle thought is stirred, As we breathe the

sweet re - pose, Good - night! The sum - mer winds have sunk to rest,
 ties of earth: Good - night! And while each hand is kind - ly pressed,
 part - ing word: Good - night: Could we but ev - er feel as now,

The moon se - rene - ly bright, Sheds down her calm and
 Oh, may our pray'r's to heaven, With hum - ble fer - vor
 Our hearts with love up - raised, And while our fond af -

gen - tle ray, Soft - ly now she seems to say, Good - night!
 be ad-dressed, For its bless - ings on our rest: Good - night!
 fec - tion's flow, Hear in mur - murs soft and low—Good - night!

*dim.**rit.*

FAVORITE MELODY.

Moderate time.

1. The mel-o-dies of ma-ny lands Ere-while have charm'd mine ear,
 2. Its words I well re-mem-ber now, Were fraught with pre-cepts old,
 3. It told me in the hour of need To seek a sol-ace there,



Yet there's but one a-mong them all Which still my heart holds dear;
 And ev-ry line a max-im held, Of far more worth than gold;
 Where on-ly strick-en hearts could find Sweet an-swer to their prayer;



I heard it first from lips I loved, My tears it then be-guiled,
 A les-son 'twas, tho' sim-ply taught, That can-not pass a-way;
 Ah! much I owe that gen-tle voice, Whose words my tears be-guiled,



It was the song my moth-er sang When I was but a child,
 It is my guid-ing star by night, My com-fort in the day;
 That song of songs my moth-er sang, When I was but a child;



It was the song my moth-er sang, When I was but a child.
 It is my guid-ing star by night, My com-fort in the day.
 That song of songs my moth-er sang, When I was but a child.

THE BETTER WISH.

HENRY RUSSELL.

R. R.—If I had but a thousand a year, Gaf-fer Green, If I had but a thousand a year!
 G. G.—The best wish you could have, take my word Robin Ruff, Would scare find you in bread or in

year! What a man would I be, And what sights would I see, If I had but a thousand a year!
 beer; But be hon-est and true, And say what would you do, If you had but a thousand a year!

had but a thousand a year, Gaf-fer Green, If I had but a thousand a year!
 had but a thousand a year, Robin Ruff? If you had but a thousand a year!

R.—I would do, I scarcely know what, Gaffer Green,
 I would go, faith! I hardly know where,
 I would scatter the chink
 And leave others to think, [Green!
 If I had but a thousand a year, Gaffer
 If I had but a thousand a year!

G.—But when you are aged and grey, Robin Ruff,
 [near,
 And the day of your death it draws
 Say, what with your pains
 Would you do with your gains,
 If you then had a thousand a year, Robin Ruff?
 If you then had a thousand a year,

R.—I scarcely can tell what you mean, Gaffer Green,

For your questions are always so queer,
 But as other folks die,

I suppose so must I— [Robin Ruff?

G.—What! and give up your thousand a year,
 And give up your thousand a year?

There's a place that is better than this,
 Robin Ruff,

And I hope in my heart you'll go there,

Where the poor man's as great,

R.—What! though he hath no estate?

G.—Yes, as if he'd a thousand a year, Robin Ruff,
 G. & R.—Yes, as if he'd a thousand a year.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

ARRANGED.

Allegretto.

1. Where, where will be the birds that sing, A hundred years to come?
 2. Who'll press for gold the crowd-ed street, A hundred years to come?
 3. We all with-in our graves shall sleep, A hundred years to come?

The flow'rs that now in beau - ty spring A hundred years to come?
 Who wor-ship God with will - ing feet, A hundred years to come?
 No liv - ing soul for us will weep A hundred years to come?

The ro - sy lip, the loft - y brow, The heart that beats so gai - ly now,
 Pale, trembl ing age, and fie - ry youth, And childhood with its heart of truth,
 But oth - er men our lands will till, And oth - ers then our streets will fill,

O, where will be love's beaming eye, Joy's pleasant smile and sor - row's sigh,
 The rich, the poor, on land and sea, Where will the mighty mil - lions be,
 While oth - er birds will sing as gay, And bright the sunshine as to - day,

A hundred years to come? Where, O, where? a hundred years to come.

WITH JOY WE MEET.

Lively.

1. With joy we meet, With smiles we greet, Our schoolmates bright and
 2. A mer - ry sound Now rings a-round, And bright-ens ev - 'ry
 3. We all will sing Till ech - oes ring An an - swer to our

gay;
 ray;
 lay;
 Be dry each tear
 Our ban - ner floats
 Oh, who from home
 Of sor - row here,
 'Mid hap - py notes,
 Would fail to come
 In
 In
 To

FINE.

D.S.

school, this joy - ous day.
 school, this joy - ous day.
 school, this joy - ous day.
 In school, this joy - ous day.
 In school, this joy - ous day.
 To school, this joy - ous day.

MEN OF HARLECH.

FAMOUS WELCH SONG.

Allegretto.

1. { Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear like
 'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear - men,
 2. { Rock - y steeps, and pass - es nar - row, Flash with spear and
 Hurl the reel - ing horse - men o - ver! Let the earth dead

rush - ing bil - low, Wave on wave that surg - ing fol - low
 Sax - on bow - men, Be they knights or hinds or yoe - man,
 flight of ar - row; Who would think of pain or sor - row?
 foe - man cov - er, Fate of friend, of wife, or lov - er,

D.S.—Hon - or's self now proud - ly heads us!
 D.S.—Strike for home for life, for glo - ry!

FINE.

Bat - tle's dis - tant sound? } Loose the folds a - sun - der,
 Death is glo - ry now. }
 They shall bite the ground: } Strands of life are riv - en,
 Trem - bles on a blow. }

Free - dom! God, and Right!
 Free - dom! God, and Right!

Flag we con - quer un - der!
 Blow for blow be giv - en.

The plac - id sky now bright on high Shall
 In dead - ly lock or bat - tleshock, And

MEN OF HARLECH. Concluded.

103

launch its bolts in thun - der; On - ward 'tis our
mer - cy shrieks to heav - en; Men of Har - lech,
coun - try needs us, He is brav - est, he who leads us!
young or hoa - ry, Would you win a name in sto - ry!

D. S. al Fine.

MORNING SONG.

1. The shadows of morn-ing are roll-ing a-way, The stars quickly fade at the
D. S.—And birds in the branches are
com - ing of day; The foam of the wild, bounding bil - lows I see,
sing - ing for me.

FINE. D. S.

2. The mountain tops dimly are seen through the mist,
The beach by the wavelets is lovingly kissed,
The sky is illumined with crimson and blue,
The ocean reflects from its breast every hue.
3. My heart is entranced into beauty's bright realm,
No care of the earth can its peace overwhelm;
No thought of the toil or the tumult of day
Can ruffle my thoughts or entice me away.

LUX BENIGNA.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

REV. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
 2. I was not ev-er thus, nor pray'd that thou Shouldst lead me on;
 3. So long thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
 I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on!
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone,

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I lov'd the gar-ish day, and spite of fears,
 And with the morn those an-gel fac-es smile

The dis-tant scene; one step e-nough for me.
 Pride rul'd my will. Re-mem-ber not past years!
 Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a-while!

ONWARD.

105

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

SIR ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
 2. At the sign of tri - umph Satan's hosts doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
 3. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
 4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices



Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
 On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
 Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
 In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King,



For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go!
 Broth - ers, lift your voi - ces, Loud your anthems raise.
 One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. } Onward, Christian soldiers!
 This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore.



PORTUGUESE HYMN.

GEORGE KEITH.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy

faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say, than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and

you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent

fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
 hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.

3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
4. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
5. "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.
6. "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.

Tune,—PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1. Weep for the fallen ! Hang your heads in sorrow,
And mournfully sing the requiem sad and slow.
Thousands have perished by the fell destroyer;
Oh, weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low !
2. Voices of wailing tell of hopeless anguish,
While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go.
Hark ! to their accents, they the broken-hearted
Who weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low !
3. Hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,
While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe.
For is it nothing, ye who see no danger,
To weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low !
4. Weep for the fallen ; but amid your sorrow,
Forget not the Cross that freedom can bestow.
Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer,
For why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low ?

THE BIBLE, THE WORD OF TRUTH.

Tune,—PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1. The Bible—the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold,
It speaks of salvation—wide opens the door—
Its offers are free to the rich and the poor.
2. The Bible—the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

FOSTER.



1. { Way down up - on the Swa-nee riv-er, Far, far a - way,
 All up and down the whole cre - a-tion, Sad - ly I roam,



There's where my heart is turn-ing ev-er, There's where the old folks stay. }
 Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home. }



CHORUS.



All the world is sad and drear - y, Ev - 'ry-where I roam,



Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.



OLD FOLKS AT HOME. Concluded.

109

2. All 'round the little farm I wandered,
When I was young,
Then many happy days I squandered,
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mother,
There let me live and die.

3. One little hut among the bushes,
One that I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes
No matter where I rove.
When will I hear the bees a hummin'
All 'round the comb,
When will I hear the banjo trummin'
Down in my good, old home?

MORE LOVE TO THEE.

MRS. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-
 3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make, On bend-ed knee, This is my earn-est plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
 part-ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!
 More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!
 More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

HASTE TO THE SCHOOLROOM.

POPULAR MELODY.

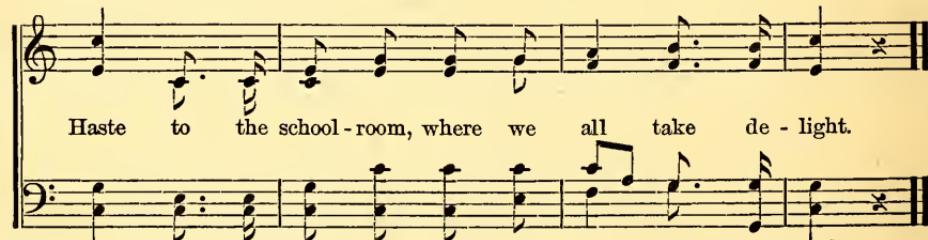


1. Will you come with me my schoolmates, to yon - der school-house free,
2. Yes, ev - 'ry school day morn - ing with hap - py fa - ces bright,
3. Here our voi - ces ring so mer - ry and birds they sing so sweet,
4. To - geth - er to our schoolroom, we'll trav - el ev - 'ry day,
5. For ev - 'ry school-day morn - ing, we hear the school-bell ring,
6. School du - ties soon are o - ver; our youth will soon de - part.



Where our les-sons are re - cit - ed? O come a - long with me.
 We'll has - ten to the school - room, where we all take de - light.
 We love our pleasant teach - er, whom ev - 'ry day we meet.
 And if we have no trou - ble, we'll al - ways love the way.
 Then has - ten to the school - room and we'll all take a sing.
 Then let each treasured pre - cept be grav - en on each heart.

CHORUS.



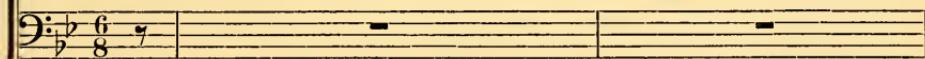
NEVER SAY FAIL!

111

Words from "School Day Singer."



1. { Keep work - ing, 'tis wis - er than sit - ting a - side;
 And dream - ing, and sigh - ing, and wait - ing the tide;
 2. { In life's ro - sy morn - ing, in man - hood's fair pride,
 Let this be your mot - to, your foot - steps to guide,



Nev - er, oh, nev - er say fail! } In life's earn - est bat - tle they
 Nev - er, oh, nev - er say fail! }
 Nev - er, oh, nev - er say fail! } In storm and in sun - shine what -
 Nev - er, oh, nev - er say fail! }



on - ly pre - vail, Who dai - ly march onward and nev - er say fail!
 ev - er as - sail, Push onward, and conquer, and nev - er say fail!



Never say fail! Never say fail! Nev - er, oh, nev - er say fail!
 Never say fail! Never say fail! Nev - er, oh, nev - er say fail!



"HOLY SPIRIT FROM ABOVE."

Inscribed to Rev. C. H. Tyndall.

Words and Music by H. R. PALMER, May, 1894.

MET. $\text{J} = 66.$

1. Ho - ly Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our
 2. Take our sin - ful tho'ts a - way; Lead, oh,
 3. With the al - tar's sa - cred Fire, Touch our
 4. Bless - ed source of Heav'n - ly light, Now dis -

hearts with Thy pure love; Oh, in - spire us
 lead us lest we stray; Ho - ly Spir - it
 lips,* our hearts in - spire; Oh, il - lume us
 perse the gloom of night; In our hearts for -

with Thy zeal; May each soul Thy pres - ence feel.
 faith - ful Guide, May each soul in Thee a - bide.
 by Thy grace; In each soul Thy im - age trace.
 ev - er shine; Fill each soul with joy di - vine.

REFRAIN.

f *Don't hurry.*

Ho - ly Spir - it from Thy throne a - bove, Fill us

"HOLY SPIRIT FROM ABOVE." Concluded. 113

Musical score for "HOLY SPIRIT FROM ABOVE." The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are as follows:

with the Sav-iour's dy - ing love; Now de - scend up - on us,
Heav'n - ly Dove; Come Thou bless-ed Com - for - ter. A - men.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

MRS. M. A. W. COOK.

C. S. HARRINGTON, by per. E. TOURJEE.

Musical score for "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE." The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major.

1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be *my* way,
2. At sometime or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be *my* time,
3. De-spond then no long-er; the Lord will provide; And this be the tok - en -
4. March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall di-vide; The pathway made glorious,

Musical score for "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE." The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major.

It may not be *thy* way, And yet, in His *own* way "The Lord will provide."
It may not be *thy* time, And yet, in His *own* time, "The Lord will provide."
No word hath he spo-ken, Was ev - er yet bro-ken, "The Lord will provide."
With shoutings vic-to-rious, We'll join in the cho-rus, "The Lord will provide."

Musical score for "THE LORD WILL PROVIDE." The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major.

FAR AWAY.

M. LINDSAY.



1. Where is now the mer - ry par - ty, I re - mem - ber long a - go;
2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with strangers made their home;
3. There are still some few re - main - ing, Who re - mind us of the past,



Laughing round the Christmas fire - side, Brightened by its rud - dy glow;
 Some up - on the world of wa - ters, All their lives are forced to roam;
 But they change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last.



Or in summer's balm - y eve - nings, In the field up - on the hay?
 Some are gone from us for - ev - er, Long - er here they might not stay -
 Years roll on and pass for - ev - er, What is com - ing who can say?



They have all dispersed and wandered, Far a - way, far a - way,
 They have reached a fair - er re - gion, Far a - way, far a - way,
 Ere this clos - es ma - ny may be Far a - way, far a - way,





They have all dispersed and wandered, Far a - way, far a - way.
 They have reached a fair - er re - gion, Far a - way, far a - way.
 Ere this clos - es ma - ny may be Far a - way, far a - way.



GOOD MORNING.



1. { Good - morn - ing, dear teach - er, good - morn - ing to you,
 We've left our dear homes, and the loved ones all there,
2. { Good - morn - ing, dear school-mates, good - morn - ing to all,
 And we will en - deav - or, what - ev - er we do,
3. { No word of un - kind - ness, no frown - ing to - day,
 But striv - ing to fol - low the blest "gold - en rule,"



We greet you a - gain with our friend - ship most true; }
 To meet you and greet you in fel - low - ship here. }
 We've come with a greet - ing at du - ty's glad call; }
 In love and o - be - dience our tasks to pur - sue. }
 Shall mar our en - joy - ment in stud - y or play; }
 Too quick - ly will speed the bright hours of school. }



1ST DIV.

2D DIV.

ALL. ff

Repeat pp.*



Good-morning, good-morning, good-morning, good-morning, good-morning to all.



* In a concert this may be sung with pleasing effect as an echo, by pupils at a distance.

PRAIRIE FLOWER.

Arranged by J. A. S.



1. On the distant prairie where the heather wild In its quiet beauty lived and smiled,
2. In that peaceful cottage lived a love-ly child, With its blue eyes beaming soft and mild,
3. On the distant prairie where the days are long, Tripping like a fair-y sweet her song,
4. But the summer fad-ed, and the chilling blast, O'er that peaceful cottage swept at last,
5. For the an-gels whisper'd soft-ly in her ear, Child thy father calls thee, stay not here,



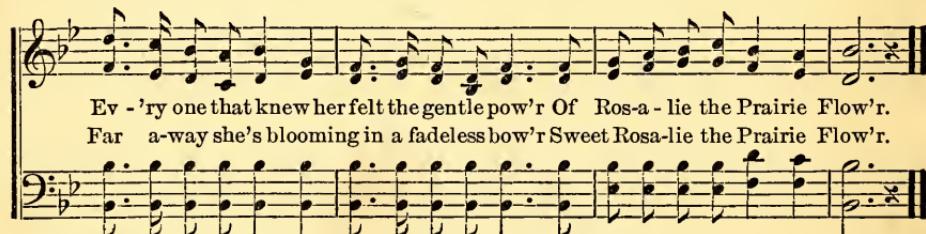
Stands a lit - tle cot - tage and a creeping vine, That loves around its porch to twine.
 And the wa - vy ring - lets, of her flaxen hair Floated on the summer air.
 And the autumn song - birds and the birds of May Bea - ti - ful and blithe as they.
 When the autumn song - birds woke the dewy morn, Lit - tle prairie flow'r was gone.
 And they soft - ly bore her rob'd in spotless white To their blissful home of light.



CHORUS.



Fair as a lil - y, joy - ous and free, Light of that prairie home was she.
 * Tho' we may nev - er look on her more, Gone with the friends she lov'd before.



* Chorus to last verse.

ARBOR DAY.

117

SEYMOUR H. SHORT.

"MY MARYLAND."
Arranged by J. A. SPRENKEL.

1. A - gain we come this day to greet, Ar - bor Day, sweet Ar - bor Day;
 2. Bring forth the tree, pre - pare the earth, For Ar - bor Day, sweet Ar - bor Day;

With will - ing hands and nim - ble feet, Ar - bor Day, sweet Ar - bor Day;
 With songs we cel - e - brate the birth, Of Ar - bor Day, sweet Ar - bor Day;

No sweet-er theme our time can claim, No grand-er deeds point us to fame,
 And when our joy - ful task is done, And we our meed of praise have won,

No day more proud than this we name, Ar - bor Day, dear Ar - bor Day.
 The glo - rious work's but just be - gun, For Ar - bor Day, dear Ar - bor Day.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

MRS. HEMANS.

J. A. SPRENKEL.

1. The break-ing waves dashed high, On a stern and rock-bound coast, The
 2. Not as the con-quoror comes, They, the true-hearted, came; Not
 3. A-midst the storm they sang, And stars heard and the sea, The
 4. What sought they thus a-far? Bright jew-els of the mine? The

woods a-gainst a storm-y sky Their gi-ant branches toss'd, The
 with the roll of stir-ring drums And trump that sings of fame; Not
 sound-ing aisles of the dim woods rang With an-thems of the free, The
 wealth of seas? the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure shrine! Aye

heav-y night hung dark, The hills and wa-ters o'er, When a
 as the fly-ing come,— In si-lence and in fear, They
 o-cean ea-gle soar'd O'er roll-ing waves white foam, The
 call it ho-ly ground, The soil where first they trod, They

band of ex-iles moor'd their bark On wild New Eng-land shore.
 shook the depths of the des-ert gloom With hymns of loft-y cheer.
 rock-ing pines of the for-est roar'd, This was their wel-come home.
 left unstained what there they found, Free-dom to wor-ship God.

A FARMER'S LIFE THE LIFE FOR ME.

119

Lively.

Arranged by J. A. SPRENKEL.

1. A farmer's life the life for me, I own I love it dear - ly, And
2. The lawyer leads a harass'd life, Much like the hunt-ed ot - ter, And
3. The doctor's styled a gen - tleman, But this I hold but humming, For
4. A farmer's life then let me lead, Ob - tain - ing while I lead it, E -

ev - 'ry sea - son full of glee, I take its la - bor cheer - ly, To
 'tween his own and oth - er's strife, He's al - ways in hot wa - ter, For
 like a tav - ern wait - ing-man, To ev - 'ry call he's com - ing, Now
 nough for self and some to give, To such poor souls as need it, I'll

plow or sow, to reap or mow, Or in the barn to thrash sir, All
 foe or friend, a cause de-fend, How - ev - er wrong must be sir, In
 here, now there must he re - pair, Or strive sir, by de - ny - ing. Like
 drain and fence, nor grudge expense, To give my land good dress - ing. I'll

this to me, I plain - ly see; Will bring me health and cash sir.
 rea - son's spite, Main-tain its right, And clear - ly earn his fee sir.
 death him - self, Un - hap - py elf, He lives by oth - ers' dy - ing.
 plow and sow, Or drill in row. And hope from heav'n a bless - ing.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Arranged by J. A. S.

1. Oh, for - give and for-get, for this life is too fleet - ing, To
 2. In the path we must tread lead - ing down to the val - ley, Are
 3. But this life is so short, be it sun - shine or shad - ow, That
 4. Oh, then deal with them ten - der - ly, pi - ty their weak - ness; We

waste it in brood - ing o'er wrongs we have met, It is
 cross - es and tri - als to lift and to bear. And the
 we can - not af - ford to brood o - ver a wrong. Let us
 know ev - 'ry heart has its e - vil and good. We all

bet - ter, far bet - ter, to smoth - er our an - ger, To
 chal - ice of life from which we are now drink-ing, Oft
 lift up our bur - dens and bear them on brave - ly; We'll
 have one Fa - ther and hence we are broth-ers, Then

CHORUS.

teach the proud heart to forgive and forget.
 bears to our lips drops of sor-row and care. } Then for-give, and for-get, For -
 lay them down short-ly, it can-not be long. } let us for-give and for-get as we should.

give and for - get, Oh teach your proud heart to for-give and for-get.

ABIDE WITH ME.

H. F. LYTE.

WM. H. MONK.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven tide, The dark-ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

deep - ens Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
 dim, its glo - ries fade a - way; Change and de - cay in
 grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
 gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks and

fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
 earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

CREATION.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. The spa - cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes
 3. What tho' in sol - emn si - lence all Move round the

blue the - re - al sky, And span - gled heav'ns, a
 up the won - drous tale, And night - ly, to the
 dark ter - res - trial ball? What though no re - al

shin - ing frame, Their great O rig - i -
 listen - ing earth, Re - peats the sto - ry
 voice nor sound A - mid the ra - diant

nal pro - claim: The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 of her birth; While all the stars that round her burn,
 orbs be found? In rea - son's ear they all re - joice,

CREATION. Concluded.

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Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis - play, And pub - lish - es to
 And all the plan - ets in their turn, Con - firm the ti - dings
 And ut - ter forth a glo - rious voice; For - ev - er sing - ing

ev' - ry land The work of an al - might - y hand.
 as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
 as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine.

THE LAME CRANE.—Round.

MARSHALL.

1. 2.

My Dame had a lame, tame crane, My Dame had a crane that was lame, Oh,

3. 4.

pray, gentle Jane, let my Dame's lame, tame crane Drink and come home a - gain.

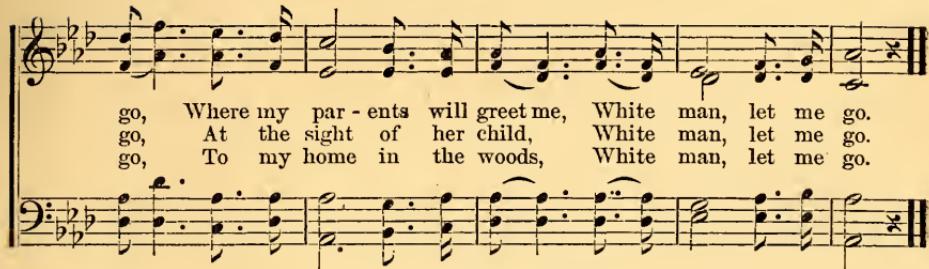
THE INDIAN'S PRAYER.

1. Let me go to my home, In the far dis - tant
 2. Let me go to my home, Where the cat - ar - act
 3. And oh! let me go, To my wild for - est

west; To the scenes of my child-hood in in - no - cence
 plays, Where oft I have sport-ed in boy - hood's bright
 home, No more from its life cheer - ing pleas - ures to

blest, Where the tall ce - dars wave, And the bright wa - ters
 days; And there greet my moth - er, Whose heart will o'er -
 roam, 'Neath the groves of the glen, Let my ash - es lie

flow, Where my par - ents will greet me, White man, let me
 flow, At the sight of her child, White man, let me
 low, To my home in the woods, White man, let me



NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee! Near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it be a cross
D.S.—Near - er, my God, to thee,

That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Near - er to thee!

2. Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
3. There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4. Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
5. Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

THE BOAT SONG.

VON WEBER.

Moderato.

1. On we are float - ing in sun - shine and shad - ow,
 2. Light - ly our boat on the wa - ter is swing - ing,
 3. Com - rades, sing on, while the ech - oes, a - wak - ing,
 4. Soon will the man - tle of ev' - ning fall o'er us,



Soft are the rip - ples that sing as we go,
 On - ward she floats while the swift oars we ply,
 Join in your mu - sic with hap - py re - train,
 Soon will the day - light fade out from the sky,



Soft - ly they break on the edge of the mea - dow,
 Gay are our hearts as the songs we are sing - ing,
 Sing while the waves on the sun - ny banks break - ing,
 Then with a thought of a wel - come be - fore us,



Woo - ing the grass - es with mel - o - dies low.
 Bright are our hopes as the ra - di - ant sky.
 An - swer your ca - dence with mu - sic a - gain.
 Back thro' the twi - light we'll cheer - ful - ly hie.



THE WILD BIRD'S SONG.

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Tune,—THE BOAT SONG.

1.

I ride amid the green tree-tops high,
When parched is earth and brooklets are dry,
I sing, I sing in my covert cool,
And lave my breast in the calm, shady pool.

2.

I sing, I sing of my Maker's love,
Till the wand'rer stops near my sheltered
grove,

He hears the song in the quiet air,
And he listens, and smiles, and forgets all
his care.

3.

At night to my shelt'ring pine I fly,
And sleep till the day-dawn gilds the sky.
Then loud I sing from a swelling breast,
In praise of the God who protects my
rest.

HARK! THE BELL IS RINGING.

Round in Three Parts.

1.



Hark! the bell is ring-ing : Call-ing us to sing-ing ;

2.



Hear the cheerful lay, Hear the cheerful lay,

3.



Hark ! Hark ! the bell is ring-ing ! Call-ing us to



Hark! the bell is ring-ing : Call-ing us to sing-ing !



Come, O! come a-way, Come, come a-way !



sing-ing, Hark ! hark ! Come, come a-way !

THE BLUE-BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

MRS. JORDAN.



1. Oh, where ! and oh, where ! is your Highland lad-die gone? Oh, where ! and oh,
 2. Oh, where ! and oh, where ! does your Highland lad-die dwell? Oh, where ! and oh,
 3. What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland lad-die clad? What clothes, in what
 4. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should die? Sup - pose, and sup -



cres.



where ! is your Highland lad-die gone? He's gone to fight the foe, for King
 where ! does your Highland lad-die dwell? He dwelt in mer - ry Scot-land at the
 clothes is your Highland lad-die clad? His bon-net's Sax - on green, and his
 - pose that your Highland lad shoud die? The bag-pipes shall play o'er him, I'd



George up-on the throne ; And it's oh ! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home !
 sign of the Blue-Bell ; And it'soh ! in my heart, that I love my lad-die well.
 waist-coat of the plaid ; And it'soh ! in my heart, that I love my Highland lad
 lay me down and cry ; And it's oh ! in my heart, that I wish he may not die.



ROW, ROW.

1.

2.

3.



Row, row, row your boat. Gent-ly down the stream; Mer - ri - ly,

4.

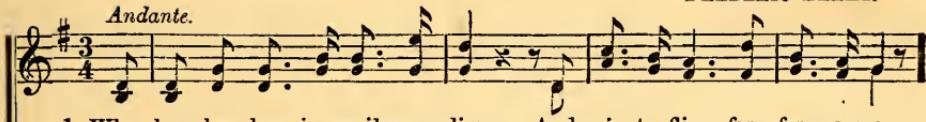


mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; Life is but a dream.

MY NORMANDY.

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FREDERIC BERAT.

Andante.

1. When hope her cheer-ing smile sup-plies, And win-ter flies far, far a-way;
2. I've seen Hel - ve - tia's flow-ery fields, Its cot - ta-ges, its i - ey hills;
3. There is an age in all our lives, When ev - 'ry dream must lose its spell;



Be-neath, dear France, thy beau-teous skies, When spring becomes more sweet and gay;
 And It - a - ly, the sky so clear! And Ven-ice, with her gon - do-lier.
 An age in which the soul re - calls The scenes o'er which it lov'd to dwell;



When na-ture's dress'd a-gain in green, The swal-low to re - turn is seen;
 In greet-ing thus each for-eign part, There's still one land most near my heart,
 When e'en my muse shall si - lent prove, Per-haps de-spise these songs of love,—



I love a-gain the land to see, Which gave me, gave me birth, my Normandy.
 A land most cher-ished, lov'd by me, My na-tive, na-tive land, my Normandy.
 'Tis then I hope the land to see, Which gave me, gave me birth, my Normandy.



MOUNTAIN MAID'S INVITATION.

T. POWER.
Allegro.

H. WERNER.

pleas - ures share, Blos - soms sweet, flow's most rare, Come where joys are found.
 sad - ness here, Mu - sic soft, breathing near, Charms a - way each care.
 com - ing on, Then, by love kind - ly won, Tru - est bliss be thine.

{ Here the spark - ling dews of morn, Tree and shrub with gems a - dorn,
 { Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la,
 { Birds in joy - ous hours a - mong Hill and dale, with grate - ful song,
 { Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la,
 { Ne'er was found a bliss so pure, Nev - er joys so long en - dure;
 { Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la,

Jew - els bright, gai - ly worn, Beau - ty all a - round.
 Jew - els bright, gai - ly worn, Beau - ty all a - round.
 Dear - est strains here pro - long, Vo - cal all the air.
 Dear - est strains here pro - long, Vo - cal all the air.
 Who would not love se - cure? Who would joys de - cline?
 Who would not love se - cure? Who would joys de - cline?

GOOD-NIGHT.

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FRANZ ABT.

1. In the west the sun de - clin - ing Sinks be - neath the
 2. Bleak - er winds the flow'rs be - numb - ing, On the hearth the
 3. In the wind the grass is bend - ing, Flow'rs now slum - ber
 4. Man now seeks his peace - ful dwell - ing, Cir - cles round the

moun - tain height, Tints the clouds with gold - en lin - ing, Sets the
 crick - et sings, Home the la - den bee flies hum - ming, And
 in the shade, Birds to seek their nests are wend - ing, Flocks in
 rud - dy blaze, Of the sweets of la - bor tell - ing, Till his

hills with rub - ies shin - ing, Then bids all the world good - night.
 drow - sy bat is com - ing, Dart - ing on his leath - ern wing.
 fold the shep - herds tend - ing, Homeward flies the mount - ain maid.
 heart with rap - ture swell - ing, Grate - ful gives his Ma - ker praise.

CHORUS.

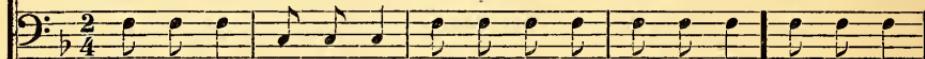
Good-night, good-night, Good - night, good-night.
 Good-night, good-night,

LIGHTLY ROW.

SPANISH MELODY.



1. Lightly row! Lightly row! O'er the glass-y waves we go; Smoothly glide!
 2. Far a-way! Far a-way! Ech - o in the rock at play, Call - eth not,
 3. Lightly row! Lightly row! O'er the glass-y waves we go; Smoothly glide!



Smoothly glide! On the si-lent tide. Let the winds and wa-ters be
 Call-eth not, To this lone-ly spot. On - ly with the sea-bird's note,
 Smoothly glide! On the si-lent tide. Let the winds and wa-ters be



Mingled with our melody; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our little boat.
 Shall our dying music float! Lightly row! Lightly row! Echo's voice is low.
 Mingled with our melody; Sing and float! Sing and float! In our little boat.



STUDY LOW.

Tune,—LIGHTLY ROW.

<p>1. Study low, study low, Ladies don't disturb me so, Whisper not, whisper not, In this pleasant spot. In this school-room you are bound, To suppress the slightest sound, Silence reigns, silence reigns In these fair domains.</p> <p>2. Busy now, busy now, Every one should be I trow I'd be one, I'd be one. Do not hinder me.</p>	<p>Only those who study love, And who will their minds improve Welcome are, welcome are, In our joys to share.</p> <p>3. Listen close, listen close, Lest our teacher's words we lose, Fail must thought, fail must thought, If he guide it not. If we learn thus day by day, When our youth has passed away, Joys we'll find, joys we'll find, Bless the gifted mind.</p>
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SILENTLY, SILENTLY!

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Tune,—LIGHTLY Row.

1. Silently, silently, ope and close the school-room door,
Carefully, carefully walk upon the floor,
Let us, let us, strive to be
From disorder ever free.
Happily, happily passing time away.
2. Now we sing, now we sing, gaily as the birds of spring,
As they hop, as they hop, on the high tree top,
Let us be as prompt as they,
In our work or in our play;
Merrily, merrily passing time away.

DON'T FRET.

Observe Staccato.

With expression.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Has your neighbor injured you? Don't fret; You've no reason so to do;
2. Has a false re-port been made? Don't fret; Do you fear it will degrade?
3. Are your en - e - mies at work? Don't fret; Do they still in secret lurk?
4. Thro' ad - ver - si - ty your way, Don't fret, There will come a brighter day,

Don't fret; You will yet come off the best, Nev - er mind it;
No, nev - er fret; It will run it - self to death, It will die for
No, nev - er fret; They can't in - jure you a whit; They will soon be
No, nev - er fret; Fortune's wheel keeps turning round, Soon 'twill lift you

let it rest; } Don't fret, don't fret; don't..... fret.
want of breath; }
glad to quit; }
from the ground; } Don't fret, don't fret; No, nev - er, nev - er fret.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

MARY S. B. DANA, 1840.

Expression.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. Flee as a bird to your moun - tain, Thou who art wea - ry of sin;
 2. He will pro - tect thee for - ev - er, Wipe ev - e - ry fall - ing tear;

Go to the clear-flowing foun - tain, Where you may wash and be clean;
 He will for - sake thee, Oh, nev - er, Shel - tered so ten - der - ly there!

agitato.

Fly, for th' a - venger is near thee, Call, and the Sav - iour will
 Haste then, the hours are fly - ing, Spend not the mo - ments in

a tempo.

hear - thee, He on His bo - som will bear - thee; Oh,
 sigh - ing, Cease from your sor - row and cry - ing, The

FLEE AS A BIRD. Concluded.

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rit.



thou who art wea - ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea - ry of sin.
Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear, The Sav - iour will wipe ev - 'ry tear.



FADE, FADE, EACH EARTHLY JOY.

MRS. HORATIUS BONAR.

THEODORE E. PERKINS.



1. Fade, fade, each earth - ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mort - al - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, e -



ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no
ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for
dawn - ing bright; Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a
ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O lov'd and blest, Welcome, sweet



rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless; Je - sus is mine.
one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine.
dis - mal void; Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine.
scenes of rest, Wel - come, my Sav - iour's breast; Je - sus is mine.



VESPER HYMN.

THOMAS MOORE.

Moderato.

1. Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters, soft and clear;
 2. Now like moonlight waves retreat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long;

Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear.
 Now, like an - gry surg - es meet - ing, Breaks the mingled tide of song.

Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A* - men.
 Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men.

Far - ther now, now far - ther stealing, Soft it fades up - on the ear.
 Hark again, like waves retreat - ing To the shore, it dies a - long.

*Pronounce as in *la* or *fa*-ther.

HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE!

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Moderato.

TURINGIAN POPULAR.

1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part!
 2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not,"
 3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be;

Thou on - ly hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
 Wear it up - on thy heart, And think of me!
 Fal - con nor hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee.

Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly bound to thine,
 Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with us shall stay,
 When by the fowl - er slain, I at thy feet should lie.

No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
 That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
 Thou sad - ly shouldst com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die!

YES! THE SCHOOL ROOM.

Tune,—"OH, HOSANNA!"

1. { It is not in the noi - sy street, Where pleasure's oft-en found; It
 'Tis where the faith-ful teach-er stands, With firm but gen-tle rule, O
 2. { We nev - er mind the burn-ing sun, We care not for the showers, We
 { But when the mer - ry school-bell throws Its wel-come on the air, In
 3. { We come from al - ley, lane and street, We come, we're coming still; We
 { We come from many a dis-tant road, A mile or more we come. We
 4. { The stamp that's borne on manhood's brow, Is truest in ear - ly years, The
 { And as our-youthful hours we spend In stu - dy, toil, or play, We

CHORUS.

is not where the i - dle meet, That pur-est joys a-bound. }
 that's the happiest place for me, The pleasant days of school. }
 shrink not from the drifting snow, While life and health is ours, }
 spite of sun, or rain, or snow You'll always find us there. } Yes! the school-room,
 come, we come with humble feet, From val-ley and from hill; }
 come from many a bright a-bode, From many a hap-py home. }
 good or ill we're do - ing now, In fu-ture life ap-pears. }
 trust that all their aim will lead To cheer us on our way. }

that's the place to be, You'll never find, go where you will, A happier compa - ny.

GRAND OLD OCEAN.

Tune,—"YES! THE SCHOOL ROOM."

1. I asked the Ocean whence it came
 And nothing would it say;
 But sailing up a Bay I found,
 That rivers rolled that way.

CHO.—Grand old Ocean,
 Oh let us sing to thee,
 A song of exploration
 Of waters wild and free.

2. I asked a River whence it rose,
And could not get reply;
But seeking for myself, I saw
That Creeks were its supply.

3. I asked a Creek from whence it sprang
And silence it thought best,
But I saw that Rivulets
Were flowing to its breast.

4. I asked a Rivulet to tell
What its own bosom fills,
I listened—but could only hear,
The tinkling of the Rills.

5. I asked a Rill from whence it came;
But it refused to sing,

But seeking for its origin,
I found it in a Spring.

6. I asked a Spring from whence it came,
It gave no word or sigh,
Just then a pearly Rain-Drop fell,
And this was its supply.

7. I asked the Rain-Drop whence it came,
It did not deign reply,
And then with upward gaze I saw
A Cloud was in the sky.

8. I asked the Cloud from whence it came,
And soon it passed away,
Then Mist from off the Ocean rose,
Made Vapor all the day.

FROGGIES AT SCHOOL.

"THE NURSERY."

J. A. SPRENKEL.



1. Twen - ty frog - gies went to school, Down be - side a rush-ing pool,
 2. Mas - ter bull - frog grave and stern, Call'd the class - es in their turn,
 3. Twen - ty frog - gies grew up fast, Bull-frogs they be - came at last.



Twen - ty lit - tle coats of green, Twen - ty vest all white and green,
 Taught them how to no - bly strive, Like - wise how to leap and dive,
 Not one dunce a - mong the lot, Not one les - son they for - got,



"We must be in time," said they, "First we stu - dy, then we play,
 From his seat up - on a log, Show'd them how to say, "Ker-chog,"
 Pol - ished in a high de - gree, As each frog - gie ought to be."



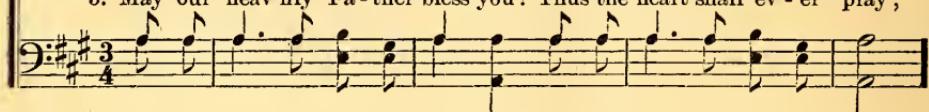
That is how we keep the rule, When we frog - gies go to school."
 Al - so how to dodge a blow, From the sticks which bad boys throw.
 Now they sit on oth - er logs, Teach - ing oth - er lit - tle frogs.

THE WANDER-STAFF.

From the GERMAN.



1. Soft - ly blow the ver - nal breez - es, Meadows bright with sunshine laugh,
 2. Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Home so loved where dear ones stay !
 3. May our heav'nly Fa - ther bless you ! Thus the heart shall ev - er pray ;



Now my tho'ts are t'ward the mountains, Bring to me my wan-der - staff.
 Stranger roofs must be my shel - ter, Du - ty calls me now a - way.
 When be - side the evening al - tar, Think of loved ones far a - way.



Where the clouds so softly shining, 'Round the mountain tops are twining, There the
 Life flows pure from many a fountain, Hearts are warm tho' bleak the mountain; Soon our
 Think one sun still shines above us, One e - ter - nal bliss before us; Wher-so-



breath of heav'n we quaff, Give me now my wander-staff, Give me now my wander-staff.
 love shall have its proof. So farewell my father-roof, So farewell my fa - ther-roof.
 e'er the footsteps stray, Think and love, tho' far away, Think and love tho' far away.





1. The pride of the vil - lage and the fair - est in the dell, Is the
 2. Her soft notes of mel - o - dy a - round me sweet - ly fall, Her
 3. She sings to the meadows and she car - ols to the stream, She laughs



queen of my song and her name is Fair - y Bell. The sound of her light step may be
 heart full of love is now beaming on my soul. The sound of her gen - tle voice the
 in the sunlight and smiles while in her dreams, Her hair like the thistle down is



heard a - mong the hill, Like the fall - ing of the snow-flake or the
 glance of her eye, Sur - round me with rap - ture that no
 borne up - on the air, And her heart like the humming bird's is



drip - ping of the rill. } oth - er heart can sigh. } Fair - y Bell, gen - tle Fair - y Bell, The
 free from ev - 'ry care. }



star of the night and the li - ly of the day, Fair - ry Bell,



queen of all the dell, Long may she rev - el in her bright sunny way.

WHITE SAND AND GREY SAND.—Round.

1.

2.

3.



White sand and grey sand, Who'll buy my white sand? Who'll buy my grey sand?

GRANDMA SLEEPS.

C. M. P.

Andante amoroso.

C. M. PARKER.

1. All must be still now for Grand-ma's a-sleep, Speak low, speak low,
2. And as she dreams now she roams thro' the field, Speak low, speak low.

3. Soon they will meet now where part - ings are o'er, Speak low, speak low,

And o'er her pale brow the sun-shad-ows creep, Speak low, speak low.
Roams with her lov - er, his arm is her shield, Speak low, speak low.

He waits her com - ing on yon - der bright shore, Speak low, speak low.

Out on the porch she's sitting alone, Dreaming no doubt of the
Lists as he breathes those words of love and truth, Lives once again those bright

Hap - py the day when once more they shall meet. Soft - ly shed dreams while the

days that are gone. Hush, hush, hush! Speak low, speak low.
 days of her youth, Hush, hush, hush! Speak low, speak low.

breez-es comes sweet, Hush, hush, hush! Speak low, speak low.

ELLEN BAYNE.

1. Soft be thy slum-bers, Rude cares de - part, Vis - ions in num - bers
2. Dream not in an - guish, Dream not in fear, Love shall not lan - guish,
3. Scenes that have van - ished Smile on me now, Pleas - ures once ban - ished,

Cheer thy young heart, Dream while bright hours and fond hopes re - main,
 Fond ones are near, Sleep - ing or wak - ing in pleas - ure or pain,
 Play 'round thy brow, Forms long de - part - ed greet thee a - gain,

CHORUS.

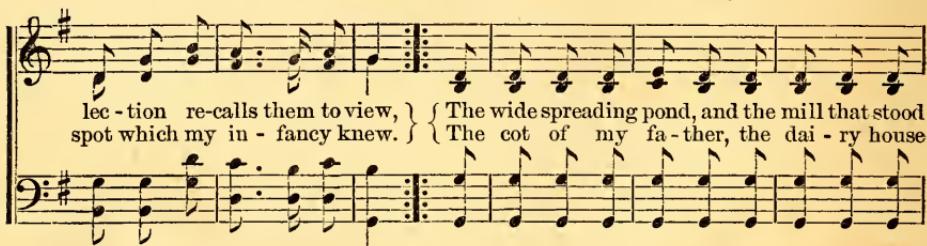
Bloom - ing like smiling bow'rs for thee, El - len Bayne. }
 Warm hearts will beat for thee, sweet El - len Bayne. }
 Sooth - ing thy dream-ing heart, sweet El - len Bayne. } Gen - tle slum-bers o'er thee glide,

Dreams of beauty round thee bide, While I lin - ger by thy side, Sweet El - len Bayne.

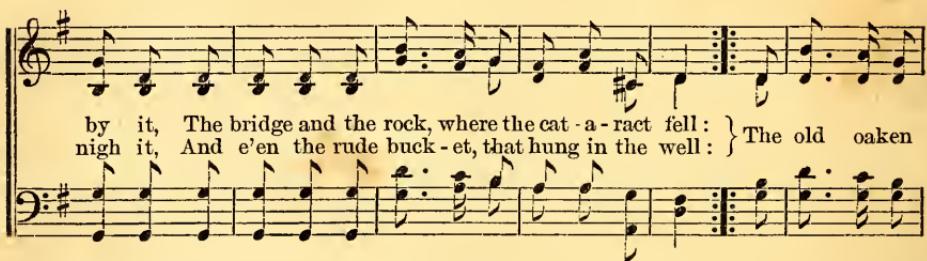
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.



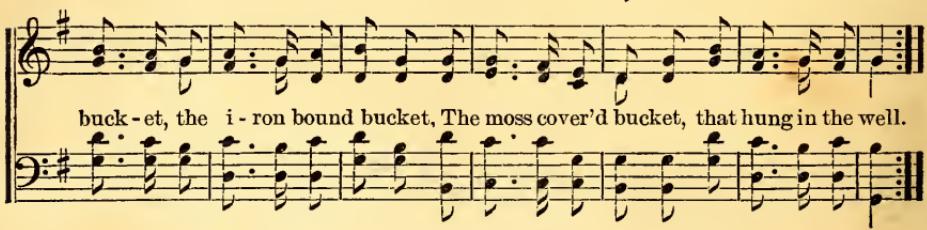
1. { How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond rec-ol-



lec-tion re-calls them to view, } { The wide spreading pond, and the mill that stood
spot which my in - fancy knew. } { The cot of my fa-ther, the dai - ry house



by it, The bridge and the rock, where the cat - a - ract fell: } The old oaken
nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et, that hung in the well: }



buck - et, the i - ron bound bucket, The moss cover'd bucket, that hung in the well.



2. That moss covered bucket, I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source, of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest, that nature can yield
How ardent, I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket, that hung in the well.

3. How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
 As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips,
 Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
 Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips,
 And now, far removed from the loved habitation
 The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
 And sighs for the bucket, that hung in the well :
 The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
 The moss covered bucket, that hung in the well.

ETERNAL FATHER, THOU.

R. PALMER.

Tune,—ROLLAND. L. M.

1. E-ternal Father, thou hast said, That Christ all glory shall obtain; That he who once a
 2. We wait thy triumph, Saviour King; Long ages have prepared thy way; Now all abroad thy

sufferer bled Shall o'er the world a conqu'ror reign, Shall o'er the world a conqu'ror reign.
 banner fling, Set time's great battle in ar-ray, Set time's great battle in ar-ray.

2.
 Thy hosts are mustered to the field ;
 "The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call ;
 The old grim towers of darkness yield,
 And soon shall totter to their fall.

3.
 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
 Where scattered wide the watchmen stand ;
 Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
 The joyous shouts from land to land.

5.
 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
 Bid her long night of weeping cease ;
 To groaning nations haste the hour
 Of life and freedom, light and peace.

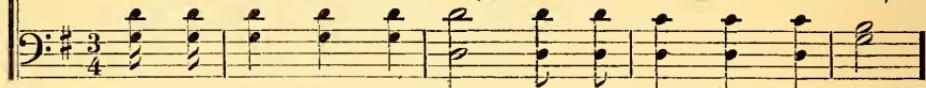
6.
 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
 Fulfill the Father's high decree ;
 Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
 Shall keep her last great jubilee.

TRIPPING LIGHTLY.

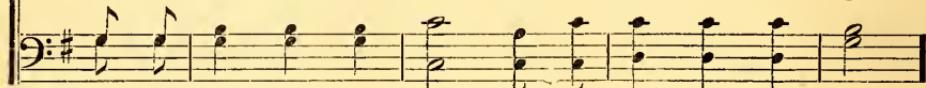
TYROLEAN AIR.



1. Trip-ping light - ly a - long, Gai - ly sing - ing a song,
 2. Hap - py, hap - py are we, Full of bright-ness and glee,
 3. Not a sor - row and care, Not a trou - ble to bear,



Keep-ing meas - ure and time To the mu - si - cal rhyme.
 As the bird - lings that sing On the bright days of spring.
 And we fear neith - er foe, But en - joy as we go.



CHORUS.



Tripping light-ly, tripping light-ly, Tripping, tripping, tripping, tripping light - ly,



'Neath the moon-beams, or star - light, or the sun shin - ing bright - ly.



OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

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VERDI.

Allegretto.

CHORUS.

GOOD-NIGHT.

C. M. P.

C. M. PARKER.

1. Good - night, dear friends, a fond good - night, May
 2. The hour is late, it bids us part; The
 3. Good - night, and may your dreams be sweet, Till

sweet - est sleep each eye - lid close, While
 moon - now soft - ly veils her light, Tears
 morn - ing wakes you with her light; In

stars watch o'er thee clear and bright, Oh,
 of re - gret un - bid - den start, That
 joy a - gain we hope to meet, But

sweet be thy re - pose, Oh, sweet be thy re - pose.
 we must say good-night, That we must say good-night.
 now a fond good-night; Sweet dreams to all, good-night.

AUTUMN WEATHER.

149

C. M. P.

Allegretto.

C. M. PARKER.

1. See the mer - ry dane - ing leaves, From the trees are blow - ing;
 2. Summer lingered long and well, With its ma - ny pleas - ures;
 3. Don't for - get us, sum - mer dear, Ah! the thought brings sad - ness;

While old sum - mer sad - ly grieves, For her pride is go - ing;
 Who can num - ber, who can tell, All its rich - est treas - ures?
 But re - turn a - gain next year, Bring-ing warmth and glad - ness;

Green has turned to brown and gold, Love - ly flow'rs have fad - ed old,
 But old summer you must so - , King Jack Frost has told you so!
 Bring the sunshine and the rain, Bring the love - ly flow'rs a - gain!

And the winds blow fierce and cold, In this au - tumn weath - er.
 For he bids the north winds blow, In this au - tumn weath - er.
 Bring the grass to hill and plain, Bring us sum - mer weath - er.

150 DON'T TALK IF YOU'VE NOTHING TO SAY.

C. M. P.

C. M. PARKER.

CHORUS.

From "Choral Crown." By permission.



TOPLADY.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, alt.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound - ed side which flowed,

2. Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone.
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3. While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

WE SAIL AWAY.

C. M. P.

Lightly.

C. M. PARKER.

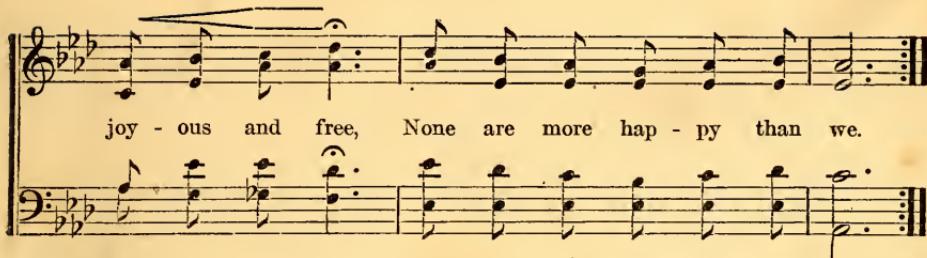
1. Out on the o - cean we're sail-ing a - way, Soft blow the breez-es and
 2. Gent - ly the waves are ca - ress-ing our boat, Gai - ly we're sing-ing as
 3. Jol - ly the life of the sail - or must be; Rock'd in his boat by the
 4. Dash - es the salt spray on each cheek and brow, As the bright blue waves are

bright is the day, All thought of care we have left on the shore,
 on - ward we float, White sails are kissed by the soft sum - mer wind,
 deep rest - less sea. Blue skies a - bove him and blue waves be - low.
 kiss-ing our prow; Nev - er a fear shall we know of our boat.

CHORUS.

Joy - ous - ly sail-ing the blue wa - ters o'er.
 As we leave home and our lov'd ones be - hind. } Who but a sail - or such pleas - ure can know? } Gai - ly we now sail a
 Gai - ly we're sing-ing as on - ward we float.

way, O'er the blue wa - ter - y way, Out on the o - cean so
 way, sail a-way,



EVEN ME.

MRS. ELIZABETH CODNER.

WILLIAM BATCHELDER BRADBURY.

1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of Bless - ing, Thou art scattering full and free; }
 { Show'rs, the thirs-ty land re-fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me, }

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.

2. Pass me not, O God, my Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me,
 Even me.

3. Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to thee;
 I am longing for thy favor;
 Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me,
 Even me.

4. Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,
 Even me.

5. Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,
 Even me.

154 DECK THE HALL WITH BOUGHS OF HOLLY.

WELSH AIR.



1. Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly,
 2. See the blaz - ing yule be - fore us,
 3. Fast a - way the old year pass - es,

Fa la la la la la



la la la, { 'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly,
 Strike the harp and join the cho - rus,
 Hail the new, ye lads and lass - es!



Fa la la la la la la la, { Don we now our gay ap - par - el,
 Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure,
 Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er,



Troll the an - cient Christmas car - ol,
 While I tell of Christmastrasure, } Fa la la la la la la la.
 Heed - less of the wind and weather.



HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES. 155

(Tune,—"HARWELL.")

THOS. KELLY.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thous - and harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
2. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er—Thine an ev - er-last - ing crown;
3. Sav - iour! hast - en thine ap-pear - ing; Bring, oh, bring the glo-rious day.

Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love: Noth - ing, from thy love, shall sev - er Those whom thou hast made thine own;— When, the aw - ful summons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

See, he sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
Hap - py ob - jects of thy grace, Destined to be - hold thy face.
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—"Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"

See, he sits

Je-sus rules

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

ROCK OF LIBERTY.

J. G. CLARK.

From "SPIRITUAL HARP."

1. Oh, the firm old Rock, tow'ring, wave-worn Rock, That brav'd the blast and the
 2. O thou stern old Rock, in the a - ges past Thy brow was bleach'd by the
 3. Ev - er rest, old Rock, on the sea-beat shore; Thy sires are lull'd by the

bil-low's shock! It was born with time on a bar - ren shore, And it
 war-ring blast, But thy win - try toil with the wave is o'er, And the
 break-ers' roar; 'Twas here that first their hymns were heard, O'er the

laugh'd with scorn at the o - cean's roar; 'Twas here that first the Pil - grim band
 bil - lows beat thy base no more; Yet count-less as the sands, old Rock,
 star - tled cry of the o - cean bird; 'Twas here they liv'd, 'twas here they died;

Came wea - ry up to the foaming strand; And the tree they rear'd in the
 Are the hard - y sons of the Pil - grim stock; And the tree they rear'd in the
 Their forms re - pose on the green hill'sside; But the tree they rear'd in the

ROCK OF LIBERTY. Concluded.

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days gone by. } It lives, it lives, it lives, It lives, and ne'er shall die.
days gone by. }
days gone by.



OH, CARRY ME BACK.

(A Mother's Grave.)

S. G. SMITH.



1. The fair-est flow'r I ev-er met, Grew on a hil-ly shore;
2. For on those hills that flow-er grows, It blooms so fair and bright;
3. I would that I could call it mine, That flow'r of beau-ty rare;
4. Fare-well, fare-well, a sad fare-well, To those hills I see no more.

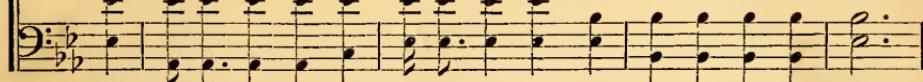


Fond mem'ry bright still lin-gers yet, On those hills I see no more.
I'd give, I'd give all earth-ly gems, To keep that flow'r in sight.
I'd plant it neath a spreading vine, And tend my plant with care.
For 'neath yours od my flow-er grows, On old Vir-gin-ia's shore.

CHORUS.



Oh, car-ry. me back, oh, car-ry. me back, That I may see once more,



The flow-er that blooms up - on those hills, On old Vir - gin - ia's shore.



BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Words by MRS. S. G. HOWE.

Air,—“GLORY HALLELUJAH.”

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com-ing of the Lord: He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
3. I have read a fi - ery gos - pel writ in burnished rows of steel; As ye
4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev - er call retreat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born across the sea; With a

trampling out the vin - tage, where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can
 deal with my con-tem-ners so .with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat; Oh, be
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures yon and me; As He

loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword: His truth is marching on.
 read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps: His day is marching on.

Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel: Since God is marching on.
 swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jn - bilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.
 died to make men holy, let us die to make men free: While God is marching on.

CHORUS.

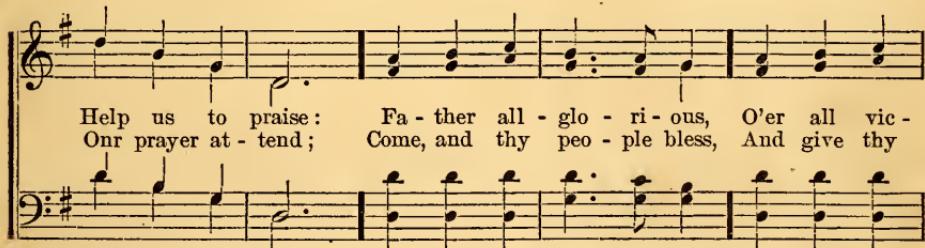
Glo - ry! glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry Hal - le - lu - jah!



ITALIAN HYMN.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FELICE GIARDINI.



3. Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power !

4. To thee, great One in Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore:
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore !

WHAT FAIRY-LIKE MUSIC.

DE PINNA.

p Grazioso.

1. What fai - ry - like mu - sic steals o - ver the sea, En - trancing the

2. The winds are all hush'd, and the waters at rest; They sleep like the

senses with charm'd melody? 'Tis the voice of the mermaid, that floats o'er the

passions in infancy's breast; Till storms shall unchain them from out their dark

main, As shemingles her song with the gon - do - lier's strain! 'Tis the voice of the

cave, And break the re - pose of the shore and the wave. Till storms shall un

mermaid, that floats o'er the main. As she mingles her song with the gondolier's strain.

chain them from out their dark cave, And break the repose of the shore and the wave.

ELIZA COOK.

Arranged by J. A. SPRENKEL.

1. O why does the white man fol - low my path, Like a
 2. He has riv - ers and seas where bil - lows and breeze Bear
 3. Why then should he come to the streams where none But
 4. The ea - gle has its place of rest, And

hound on the ti - ger's track? Does the flush on my dark cheek
 rich - es for him a - lone, And the sons of the wood nev - er
 the red skins dare to swim? Why, why should he wrong the
 the wild horse where to dwell, And the Spir - it that gave to

wak - en his wrath? Does he cov - et the bow at my back?
 plunge in the flood, Which the white man calls his own.
 hun - ter one, Who nev - er did harm to him?
 the bird its nest Gave me a home as well.

CHORUS.

Then back, go back from the red man's track, For the

hun - ter's eyes grow dim, To find that the white man
 wrongs the one, Who nev - er did harm to him.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Lively.

O. H. NORMINO.

1. "Will you walk in - to my parlor?" said the Spi - der to the Fly, " "Tis
 2. "Will you grant me one sweet kiss?" said the Spi - der to the Fly, "For
 3. "For the last time, now I ask you, Will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?" "No!
 4. Now all young folks, take warning, by this fool - ish lit - tle Fly, For

the prettiest lit - tle par - lor that ev - er you did spy;" You have
 to taste your charming lips, I've a cu - ri - os - i - ty;" "But if
 if I do, may I be shot; I'm off, so now good - bye!" Then up
 pleasure is the spi - der's web, to catch you it will try; And tho'

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY. Concluded.

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on - ly got to pop your head just in - side of the door, You'll
 perchance, our lips should meet, a wa - ger I would lay, Of
 he springs, but both his wings were in the web caught fast; The
 you may now think that my ad - vice you want no more, You're

see so ma - ny cu - rious things you nev - er saw be - fore." ten to one, you would not af - ter let them come a - way." Spi - der laugh'd, "Ha! ha! my boy, I've caught you safe at last!" lost if you stand par - ley - ing out - side of Pleasure's door.

1. 2. Oh, will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?
 3. 4. Oh, will you, will you, will you walk out, Mis - ter Fly?

Oh, will you, will you, will you, will you walk in, Mis - ter Fly?
 Oh, will you, will you, will you, will you keep out, Mis - ter Fly?

KATY DID.

J. A. SPRENKEL.

SOLO, OR DUET, AND CHORUS.

1. Tell me pret - ty lit - tle El - fin, in your cor - sage green,
 2. Hush ye stream-lets cease your mu - sic, wind - ing thro' the vale,
 3. O! thou cru - el lit - tle Elf, is what you tell me true?
 4. Sing ye war - blers sing ye wood-lands, sing ye list - less breeze,

Have you seen my Ka - ty pass this way since yes - ter - e'en?
 Still my heart your fear - ful thrubbings star - tle hill and dale,
 Did she say with curl - ing lip that me she nev - er knew?
 Zeph - yr's bear - ing on your bo - som balm from dis - tant seas,

Did she have a stran - ger with her, whisp'ring words of love?
 I would ask you pret - ty Elf - in, thou in emer - ald vest,
 Did she prom - ise 'neath the bow - er, him her treacherous heart?
 Gath - er round a heart that's bro - ken, still, oh! still for aye,

Did she sigh, and did she an - swer, murmur - ring words of love? Yes, yes.
 Did she lay her tress - es kind - ly on thestranger's breast? Yes, yes.
 Did she vow by Lu - na's beams they ne'er a - gain should part? Yes, yes.
 Sing of Ka - ty's faith - ful love, that, ev - er sorrowing cry, Yes, yes.

KATY DID. Concluded.

165

CHORUS.

Girls. Boys. Girls. Boys.

Yes, she did, Ka - ty did, Ka - ty did-n't, Ka - ty did, She did - n't,

Girls.

Boys.

Girls.

Boys.

Girls.

She did, Did - n't, She did ! She did - n't, She did !

MERRILY SING.

J. H. FILLMORE.

J. H. FILLMORE, by per.

1. Mer-ri- ly sing our hap - py eve-ning song, (Mer-ri- ly sing,) Cheer-i - ly
 2. Joy-ful-ly sing the cho - rus now we raise, (Mer-ri- ly sing,) Crown-ing the
 D.S.-sing our hap - py eve-ning song, (Mer-ri- ly sing,) Cheer-i - ly

MERRILY SING. Concluded.

FINE.

throng, (Merri-ly sing,) Mer-ri-ly sing, (mer-ri-ly,) mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.
 days, (Merri-ly sing,) Mer-ri-ly sing, (mer-ri-ly,) mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.
 throng, (Merri-ly sing,) Mer-ri-ly sing, (mer-ri-ly,) mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly sing.

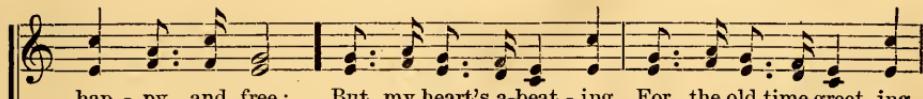
D.S.

SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD APPLE-TREE. 167

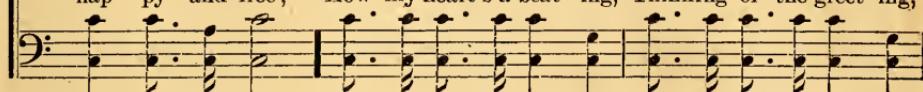
O. R. BARROWS. From "The Singer."



1. Oh, the sports of childhood! Roaming thro' the wild wood, Running o'er the meadows,
2. Swaying in the sunbeams, Floating in the shad - ow, Sail - ing on the breezes,
3. Oh, the sports of childhood! Roaming thro' the wild wood, Singing o'er the meadows,



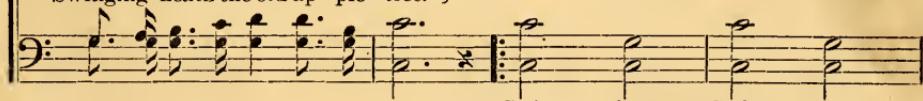
hap - py and free; But my heart's a-beat - ing For the old time greet-ing,
 hap - py and free; Chas - ing all our sad - ness, Shout-ing in our glad-ness,
 hap - py and free; How my heart's a-beat - ing, Thinking of the greet-ing,



CHORUS.



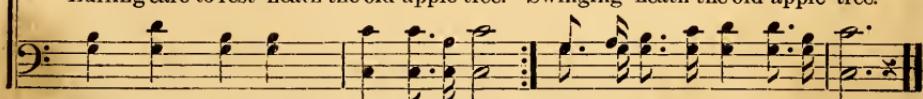
Swinging 'neath the old ap - ple tree. }
 Swinging 'neath the old ap - ple tree. }
 Swinging 'neath the old ap - ple tree. } Swinging, swinging, Swinging, swinging,
 }



Swing - ing, Swing - ing,



Lulling care to rest 'neath the old apple tree. Swinging 'neath the old apple tree.



Swing - ing 'neath the old apple tree.

YOUR MISSION.

Words by MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

From "Nine O'Clock in the Morning."

1. If you can-not on the o - cean Sail a - mong the swift-est fleet, Rocking
 2. If you are too weak to journey Up the mountain steep and high, You can
 3. If you have not gold and sil - ver Ev - er read - y to command, If you

on the high - est bil-lows, Laughing at the storms you meet, You can
 stand with - in the val - ley, While the mul - ti - tudes go by, You can
 can - not to the need - y, Reach an ev - er o - pen hand, You can

stand among the sailors, Anchor'd yet within the bay, You can lend a hand
 chant in hap - py measure, As they slowly pass along, Tho' they may for - get
 vis - it the af - flicted, O'er the err - ing you can weep, You can be a true

to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.
 the sing - er, They will not for - get the song, They will not for - get the song.
 dis - ci - ple, Sit - ting at the Saviour's feet, Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4. If you cannot in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
||: You can cover up the dead. :||

5. Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
||: You can find it anywhere. :||

NETTIE MOORE.



1. In a lit - tle white cottage where the trees are ev - er green, And
2. Be - low us in the val - ley on the Santee's dancing tide, Of a
3. One sun - ny morn in Autumn ere the dew had left the lawn, Came
4. Since that time the world is dreary and I long from earth to rise, And
5. You have gone love - ly Net - tie, and my heart will sure - ly break, When the



the climbing ros - es bloom by the door.
summer's eve I've launched my open boat,
a trad - er up from Louisiana Bay;
join the hap - py angels gone be - fore,
tears they come no more in - to my eyes,

I have often sat and listened to the
And when the moon was rising and the
He gave to master money and they
I never can be merry for my
But when life is past, I'll



mu - sic of the birds, And the gen - tle voice of charming Net - tie Moore.
stars be - gan to shine, Down the riv - er we would so mer - ri - ly float.
shackled her with chains, And took her off to work her life a - way.
heart is full of woe, And I'm pin - ing for my gen - tle Net - tie Moore.
meet you once a - gain, In heaven, darling, up a - bove the skies.

CHORUS.



I miss you, Nettie Moore, and my hap - pi - ness is o'er, While a



spir - it sad around my heart is come, And the busy days are long, and the



nights are lone - ly now, Since you've gone from our lit - tle cot - tage home.

FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

ROBERT BURNS.

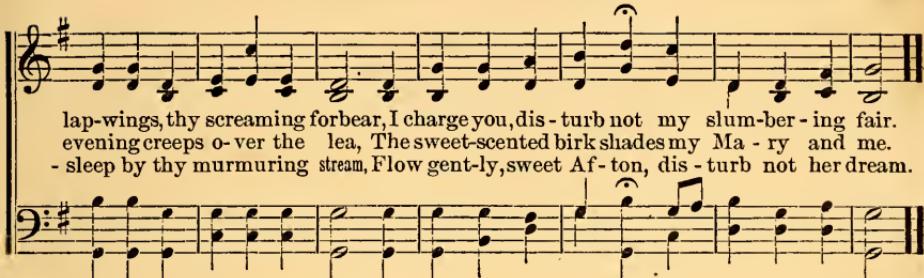
J. E. SPILMAN.

1. Flow gent-ly, sweet Af-ton, a-mong thy green braes; Flow gently, I'll sing thee a
 2. How loft - y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the courses of
 3. Thy crystal stream, Af-ton, how love- ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Mary's a - sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gently, sweet
 clear-winding rills; There dai-ly I wander, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
 Ma-ry re - sides! How wanton thy waters her snow- y feet lave, As gath'ring sweet

Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds from the
 Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be -
 flowerets, she stems thy clear wave ! Flow gent - ly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green

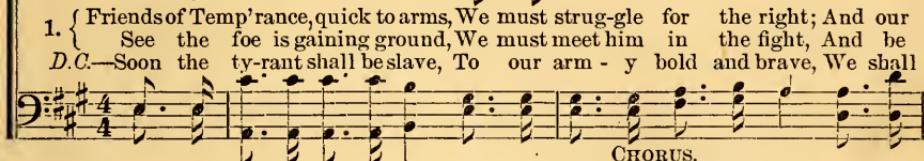
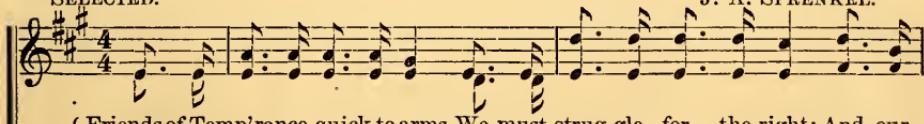
glen, Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den, Thou green-crested
 low, Where wild in the woodlands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild
 braes, Flow gent-ly sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays: My Ma - ry's a -



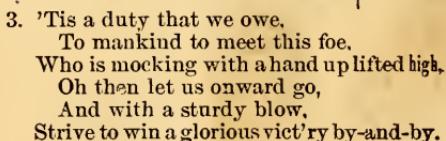
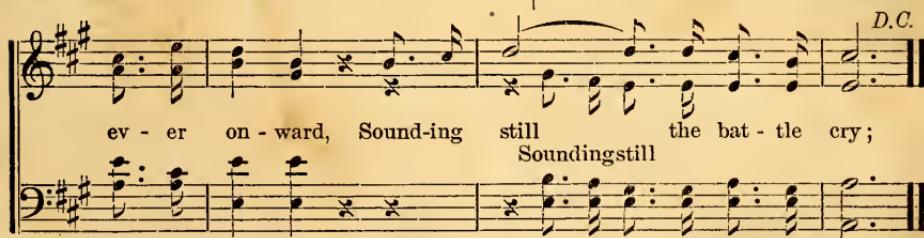
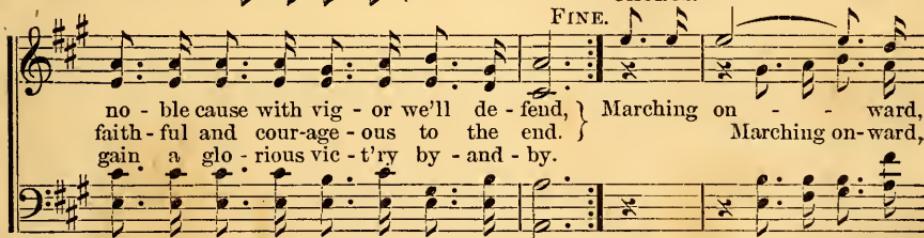
TEMPERANCE BATTLE SONG.

SELECTED.

J. A. SPRENKEL.



FINE.



FORWARD MARCH!

Harmonized by MISS MARY V. H. WISLER.

J. A. SPRENKEL.



1. "Halt!" cries Cap - tain La - zy Bones, "Halt! halt! and stand at ease. This
 2. "Right a - bout!" cries Captain Doubt, "A moun - tain lies a - head, The
 3. "For - ward march!" cries Captain Pluck, "Heed not how winds may blow, Sound



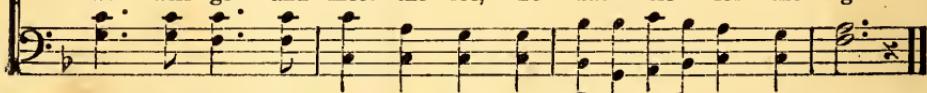
dust - y street will tire our feet, And make us cough and sneeze." Then
 road is rough, we've done e - nough, Fall out and go to bed." Please
 no re - treat un - til de -feat, Or we de -feat the foe." Three



furl your col - ors, La - zy Bones, And make your mean - ing clear, You're
 doff your feath - ers, Cap - tain Doubt, Our cause you do not aid, Such
 cheers! lead on, we'll fol - low you, For glo - rious cause we fight, And



not the man to lead the van, Your place is in the rear.
 chiefs as you are on - ly true, At mess and dress pa - rade.
 we will go and meet the foe, To bat - tle for the right.



ARLINGTON.

173

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease,
 3. And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
 Increase my courage, Lord;
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

THREE BLIND MICE.—Round.

This round is found in a curious music book, entitled "Deuteromelia, or the second part of Musicke's Melodie." Published in 1609.

1. Three blind mice, See how they run! They all run af - ter the
 2. farm - er's wife: She cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife, Did
 3. ev - er you hear such a tale in your life, A - bout three blind mice!

Wm. H. Keyser & Co., Phila., Pa.

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